The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A SERENADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Sleep, lady, sleep, the night is fair,
And stars are beaming o'er thee.
This is the burden of my prayer—
May life be bright before thee.
And as within thy peaceful breast—
No cares of daytime be;
O may thy dreams be full of rest
And thoughts of me.

The moonbeams through the lattice steal
To kiss thy lips in slumber;
And I could wish they might reveal
The thoughts I cannot number
That crowd my brain until I think,
Fair one, alone of thee;
Rest them on sleep's delightful brink,
And dream of me.

MILDRED;

OR,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

DISCOVERED.

CHAPTER VIII.

THWARTED.

All night long, I thought and thought. Day broke, and I arose. I was rich. A large and unincumbered estate was mine—and for this alone they valued me. My discovery had wronged them of expected wealth, and they could not forgive me. If I could buy my freedom from their designing snares by yielding any part of it they chose to name, and be at peace and liberty to leave this gloomy, fearful place, I should account myself most happy. The memory of the horrible phantom I had seen, gave me courage to urge this at all hazards; and after breakfast had passed—silently on all sides—I followed mother and son into the drawing-room and stood determinedly before them.

"Mrs. Tyrrell," I said, "I have been reviewing my position here—and after serious thought, I think I see my duty clear and plain before me. A curious chance has given me sudden wealth, and drawn me from a quiet life of monotonous obscurity. In doing so, it has deprived you of a just and expected inheritance. Let it be divided; there is surely enough for all,—and with my portion, let me be free to choose myself a home, and fix my own pursuits and pleasures. I have questioned my heart, and find I cannot be Mr. Tyrrell's wife, nor, I am sure—" here I broke down and trembled—"you cannot wish me to be so, when I resign my sole claim on your uncle's fortune, and beg you to give me but a portion."

They looked at each other—she at him, and he at her—as if to understand this. A few moments—strangely, chillingly awkward moments to me—passed, and not a word was spoken, while they consulted with their eyes. Then he began in an explanatory tone addressing his mother, but watching me.

"You are astonished, mother, but I think Mildred's feeling a natural and praiseworthy one. She is overcome with a sense of her new position, and gratitude has made her timid and self-distrustful. She fears that I, in offering her the hand she has accepted and receiving her pledge to be my wife, have sought to fulfill my duty to our uncle's last commands, uninfluenced by tender feeling. It is not so. The legal contract that we signed together, binds us civilly, and the alter we so soon shall stand before, will consecrate the union; but my heart is fettered by a fonder, gentler chain, her graceful youth and beauty forged to lead me captive by."

Here he paused and bowed to me profoundly, seeming the while to struggle with some emotion I had awakened. I had expected them to reply angrily, perhaps contemptuously, but that they should refuse to understand me I was not prepared for. I tried to speak again, and he prevented me by saying in a sad, tender tone:

"No, no, I know what you would urge, but spare me. I feel too deeply to discuss this point with calmness. My mother will forgive my abruptness, for she knows how any question of my love for you must move me."

He left the room at this, with a show of feeling that, proving him a hypocrite, caused me to hate him, and I sat down by his mother, resolved to tell her that I knew their plans and would not yield to them. It was impossible. She met me with a tone of injured trust that drove me wild and took away all power to meet or thwart her cool and steady acting.

"You have wounded Ralph strangely," she said in a tone of self-rebuke; "to me, his mother, a girl's caprices are not so stinging. I see in them a proof of love that jealously fears it shall not receive again the free devotion that it gives. You must trust him, Mildred, and never pain him by another doubt. He will forgive you. Let us forget it all—"

"No, no!"—I tried to interrupt her here—"I will not have another word of explanation: it is not needed."

She took my hand and patted it in hers, saying:

"Where is our book? We have neglected it of late. These lovers are sad encroachers upon our home amusements."

"I cannot read," I said; "if you will not suffer me to tell you what I feel, I must be silent."

"Well, you shall have your way," she answered gayly; "love has wrought wondrous changes in my gentle Mildred."

She tapped my cheek in playful fondness, such as she never had used to me before, and went on chatting freely about my proving a capricious lady-love in spite of my dove-like ways.

I walked toward the window, and returned again with a sudden thought.

"I shall ride out to-day," I said, and rang the bell.

"Yes, that will be delightful," said Mrs. Tyrrell. "Ralph will be charmed to drive you."

"I shall ride on horseback," I returned, and then added to the servant who appeared, "I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour. Have my horse sent round by the hall door."

For the first time since I had left it on the morning after my terrible fright I ran up to my chamber. It was a bright, sunshiny, spring morning, and great floods of light came streaming through the high arched windows and brightened everything. The rich crimson of the flowing curtains glowed in it; the delicately traced flowers in the carpet seemed to spring into brilliant life beneath it; all but the sombre bed in the alcove—that looked the gloomier in contrast with the rest. With my eyes fixed on it, through a strange fascination, I put on my riding-habit hastily, and in a few moments more stood on the hall steps drawing on my glove; but neither horse nor groom appeared. I was turning into the hall to inquire the reason, when a light, open carriage dashed round into the court-yard. Mr. Tyrrell sat in it, and he sprang out to assist me to a seat. Appearing for the first time to notice my dress, he exclaimed:

"What, you intended riding on horseback. I am so sorry—Selim is lame. He has not been out since you rode him last, and Robbia tells me he limps badly."

"Ah," I returned, re-entering the hall; "I am sorry, but I shall not ride to-day."

He followed me, saying:

"Will you not let me drive you out for an hour or two? The clear air will brighten you, and take the last shadow of that weary headache away."

"I shall not ride to-day," I repeated, and passing him, went up into my chamber and closed the door.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIED TO-MORROW.

A soft, low evening wind came stealing through my open casement as I sat counting the pieces of gold that filled my purse. Mrs. Tyrrell had given them to me at stated times, and I had kept them in my writing-case, without use or purpose to put them to; all I could read was furnished me—and I had no other wants. I had been sitting thus for hours, listless and uncertain, yet with a fixed, though unacknowledged plan in my mind. I had dined in my room; no one had attempted to break my solitude—and the gentle tap that I now heard at my door, was the first sound that had disturbed me, for hours.

It was Ellen.

"Mrs. Tyrrell sends her compliments—and will you have your tea sent up?" Coming closer to me, she asked, in a quick whisper: "Is there nothing I can do for you?"

I answered her in the same tone:

"The little side-gate in the garden is always locked after nightfall; can you bring me the key?"

She had left my door wide open, and answered me with her eyes, an unmistakable "yes"—saying aloud—

"I will bring your tea late, as you desire; shall I light your room?"

It was growing dark, and I assented. After she had made my chamber brilliant, by lighting all the tall wax candles that filled the branches, she passed into the little dressing-room and made that bright too. I felt glad to remember this little room: for with night and darkness came my old terror of my own chamber and its ghostly-looking bed.

Ellen had been gone an hour. I had left the great room, and sat in the little inner one—sat one moment and walked the next—waiting with a restless impatience that made the time seem doubly long. Earlier in the evening a carriage had passed through the great gateway and some one had alighted—London lawyers and some further arrangements connected with the marriage settlement were all I could think of. But there seemed some little stir or surprise in the hall that I could not explain in that connection, and with this new uneasiness—as everything occurring in that dreary house had seemed to become to me—I gazed more and more anxiously for Ellen's coming. She came at last, placed my tray on the table, and hurried away in silence.

I was about to call after her when I heard Mr. Tyrrell's voice in the passage, whither he must have followed her—saying, in answer to something she told him:

"Ah, that dreadful headache! I am very sorry she cannot come down to-night. Go to my mother, Ellen," he added, "she is very restless, and will need you all the evening."

I looked over the tray in despairing haste; no sign of the key anywhere, and my heart sank within me. I pushed it away hopelessly, and as I did so my napkin fell heavily on the floor. I picked it up and drew it from the ring, and there was the key folded in it. Then I rose up in great excitement, and dressed myself hastily in the thickest dress I had, and put on my stoutest shoes. I made a small bundle of a few things that I could carry easily, and wrapping myself in a warm shawl sat down to wait till all the household should be still.

This was what I meant to do. It was but eight miles to Launceton. I knew the road, and could reach it easily before morning. Once there, I could be conveyed from place to place till I reached London—where I meant to hide myself till the time Mrs. Tyrrell had hinted at, when her son's absolute authority over me should cease.

Would they send in pursuit of me? I had thought of that, but trusted to Ellen to conceal my flight until I should be far on my way. As for the rest, I knew the risk—but it was my only chance, and so I seized it.

The interminable evening passed at last. The great hall clock struck eleven; still I waited, listening. At length, all had been quiet so long, that I felt I was losing time—and scarcely daring to breathe, stole out of the hall, closing my door noiselessly after me and locking it on the outside. As I reached the lower hall I saw a light gleaming from Mrs. Tyrrell's room, and heard her voice addressing Ellen. Tremblingly I turned into a side passage, the door of which I meant to pass through, and paused to collect what courage I could command, before I attempted to open it. The large key belonging to it had always hung above it, ever since I could remember noticing it at all. Now it was gone—and startled at this, I was still more alarmed to see a light and hear voices approaching through the courtyard on which it opened. Just behind me there was a recess in the wall in which stood a cloak-stand. Into this I stepped hastily, hoping the light and speakers would pass on. They came nearer, however.

There were two voices; one Mr. Tyrrell's, the other a stranger's that I had never heard before. They had been to the stables to look after the visitor's horses, one of which he had lamed on the road. They spoke of this as Mr. Tyrrell fastened the door with the key I had missed, and turning, lantern in hand, came toward where I stood, trying to conceal myself in the shadow of the wall. He paused a moment, evidently to extinguish the light he carried, for there was one still burning at the upper end of the hall, when a gleam from the lantern fell suddenly upon me. His eyes followed it and he saw me—only for an instant—in the next he had put out the light and turned away. But that was enough to fill me with a sick fear that took away all power of speech or motion. His companion did not see me. He did not mean he should, but hurried him past me into the great hall before he spoke. Then he said:

"Wait a moment, Neville; I have forgotten the key, and as I hear there are trampers about, we cannot be too careful."

He came back and passed me, but neither spoke or glanced toward where I stood, while he took down the key and carried it away with him.

All sound of footsteps had died away, and yet I stood there motionless, miserable and dejected. If I had possessed the courage, there was no way of escape left for me; but I had not the wish or power to try, if there had been. A strange belief that he possessed more than mortal cunning, and that do what I would he could thwart me was growing on me, and weary and hopeless I dropped the garden key Ellen had secured for me on the floor, and crept back to my own chamber, feeling his contemptuous eye upon me all the while.

I suppose I slept, for I remember getting up from the sofa, cold and numb, aching in every limb, while a warm, pleasant sunshine poured in at my window; but of becoming unconscious of the dreary weight of uncertainty and dread that oppressed me when I first sat there, I had no recollection.

I dressed myself carefully, and put away all sign of the preparation I had made for my flight. When the bell rang for breakfast, I hurried down and stood in the shadow of the window, looking out on the lawn, as the family entered. He came up to me, with a frank and easy air that was determined to acknowledge nothing but a like manner in me, and told me I was looking so well that it charmed him to see me, and would I permit him to present an old friend, Dr. Neville.

"His friend! Ah no; that was impossible;"—this thought darted into my mind as I raised my eyes timidly to the stranger's face. His figure only I had noticed the night before, as being tall, much taller than Mr. Tyrrell's. But his face—it was a contrast—the strongest contrast I ever saw, to the one beside him. Fair haired, fair faced, younger by many years, full of frank, open, buoyant life—the very antipodes of the cold, watchful, suppressed being that smilingly presented him.

"Dr. Neville is a great traveller, Mildred," said Mrs. Tyrrell.

As she came into the room a moment before, I had turned to acknowledge her presence when she caught my hand and drew me toward her, kissing my cheek with a show of affection that quite dismayed me as a new feature of acting for which I was not prepared. I was so surprised by it that I said nothing now, and she continued:

"Our darling Mildred is passionately fond of foreign scenery and views, and will be a delighted listener to the wonders you have to tell, Hector."

"Let me see," said Mr. Tyrrell, "it's seven years since you were in England before. Well, I have been abroad myself nearly all that time, but I am a mere lounger in strange lands—an idler of time and thought—whilst you, as my mother says, are an industrious traveller, with eyes, ears and memory to aid you."

"I am a man without home or friends," said Dr. Neville, in a clear, strong voice, whose full tones made theirs appear weak and unnatural, "who makes amusement an excuse for wandering, simply from want of courage to face a lonely, settled life."

"Have you no friends?" I asked—why, I don't know, except that he was so different from them that I instinctively clung to him.

"None," he answered; "my father and mother died when I was a very little child. My sister, Mr. Tyrrell's wife, who died fifteen years ago, was the last relative I had in the world."

I looked at them both, but they would not look at me.

"You were but a boy then," I said.

"A mere boy, as you say," he returned; "but I remember her well, though she died suddenly, and was buried while I was at school in Germany."

After this we spoke no more while breakfast lasted.

I had raised a ghost that in revenge haunted me. Was he like *her?* Could any torture make his face as terrible as hers? Their eyes were blue, and her long, torn and matted hair was fair, like his; but her wild look of agony denied all further likeness.

While I thought thus, our visitor was silent and absorbed. Mr. Tyrrell never spoke, nor raised his eyes, nor ate a morsel. At first, his mother rallied, and said in a forced voice:

"Hector will join your ride to-day; there is much to see about before you leave, and Mildred's packages came from London; so you will only be in the way at home."

There was a little silence. Then he answered:

"Yes, it is a lovely day, and I dare say Hector will like going over the old place again."

They rose and left the room together. When we were alone, Mrs. Tyrrell rose, and shuffling along by the aid of chairs to where I sat, laid her hand on my shoulder.

"You will be married to-morrow, Mildred," she said, in a quiet tone; "everything is arranged; your dresses will be here to-day, and Eunice and my maid have already commenced your packing."

CHAPTER X.

A QUIET DAY.

I did not answer Mrs. Tyrrell; indeed, she paused for no reply, but crossed the hall without assistance, and went into her own room. I got up to follow her—whether to implore delay or declare resistance I scarcely knew—but her door closed upon me, and I stood alone. The morning, that had been bright and cheerful, turned suddenly cold and chilly, and I went into the drawing-room where there was a glowing, crackling fire on the hearth, and sat down shiveringly beside it.

I do not remember how time passed. It might have been one hour or three, when I heard a noise of stamping in the hall, and Dr. Neville's voice declaring that the rain had fairly drenched him through and through. I looked up in surprise. There had been a great change without. Heavy, leaden-looking clouds covered the sky, and the rain was falling in steady torrents. What a dreary prospect; the wide-spread lawn soaking in wet, and the trees in the park beyond bending beneath the heavy, pelting storm; not a ray of light anywhere; a dull, gray gloom over everything.

"Why this is cheery comfort," cried Dr. Neville, coming in after changing his wet dress, and looking admiringly at the great bright fire that lighted up the warm, rich colors of the furniture, and a soft crimson glow around the room. "You have grown dreamy, absorbing it all alone, Miss Tyrrell," he continued, smiling. "Shall I share it with you, and bring you back to reality?"

He drew a great easy chair forward as he spoke, and sat down with such an apparent zest in his enjoyment of all about him, that its newness aroused me from from the stupid dejection into which I had fallen, and I found myself talking to him and listening with interest.

Mr. Tyrrell came in presently, and then his mother. They both joined earnestly in the gay tone of pleasantry that Dr. Neville had commenced with, and I found myself wondering amazedly to find ourselves a merry party. I can recall nothing he said, but I have never heard any one speak so well. A fresh, natural interest in everything, seemed to me his great charm; that, and an indescribable youthfulness which was manifest in his keen enjoyment of all things, his clear, ringing laugh, and the hearty, cheerful spirit that transformed us, gloomy, artificial creatures that we were, into the semblance of a happy home party, enjoying a stormy day indoors. I suppose my own want of youth, the dreary monotony of the past, that had made one day just like another, and quietly crushed out all hope or spirit from my life, gave the novelty of meeting a man of thirty, full of buoyant

gayety, with a keen, energetic enjoyment in existence a rare fascination to me.

I cannot tell how it was, but the day that I had dreaded as the last of hope or freedom was full of a strange happiness to me.

At dinner, Mr. Tyrrell, who had spoken but little before, except in the pauses, when he would say a few eager words as if fearing the conversation might cease began to speak of Paris, and alluded to our journey thither, and what I should be most pleased with there; and then my heart sank, and I turned faint and sick again.

Dr. Neville was silent, and I had to answer occasionally, but not often, for he did not choose to try me too much. By-and-by I looked up and found our visitor's eyes fixed on me. Astonishment and keen inquiry looked out of them into my very soul.

"I am showing in my face," I thought, "the misery I feel when he speaks to me or looks at me. He has told Dr. Neville I am a willing bride, and he begins to doubt it."

The evening passed—as no evening had ever done before at Tyrrell Cliffe—gayly and cheerfully. I soon forgot myself again, and felt the strange mixed happiness I could not understand. Something that had been suppressed all my life seemed to rise within me, and when Dr. Neville told one of his merry stories I listened in a fever of pleasure, and laughed as I had never done before.

When we sat down to supper there was a tray with hot wine placed on the table; but Mrs. Tyrrell took my glass, saying:

"Let me make it weaker, Mildred; you do not want a headache to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" I thought. It seemed so dreadfully near that my heart failed me, and I felt faint. Again I met Dr. Neville's eye, and turning to avoid it, I took the glass that Mrs. Tyrrell offered me, and drained it at a draught.

The storm was raging fearfully without. It had increased every hour since nightfall, and its intensity was now the only hope I had. Mr. Tyrrell had been expecting a new travelling chariot for days past, which I knew could not arrive in such weather. The church was nearly a mile from the Cliffs, and it would seem like madness to take a bridal party thither in such a storm.

As I revolved these thoughts in my mind the painfulness of my position seemed to diminish. A pleasant quiet, that nothing could disturb, stole over me; the shrinking terror I had felt was gone. I was a little weary, that was all. Dr. Neville was speaking, but I scarcely heard him; and the wine, the voices, and the light crackling of the fire, all mingled together in a pleasant, dreamy sound.

"Shall we retire, Mildred?" asked Mrs. Tyrrell, and her voice roused me painfully from a half sleep.

I got up, and stood ready to accompany her, when Dr. Neville said, looking at me:

"Miss Tyrrell is not well. Ralph, look at her eyes."

"She is only weary," he replied. "We have been sitting up later than usual."

"It is the wine," I said. "I have felt stupidly sleepy ever since I drank it. It was stronger than Mrs. Tyrrell thought."

He took up my empty glass, and was looking in it when I said good-night; when I stood in the hall, I thought.

"Ah! I see it now; she gave me a drug to keep me quiet, so that I should sleep well. He has told her about the garden key."

But I did not blame her; I was too heavily stupid for that. In my chamber stood trunks and packing boxes, and on my dressing-table lay a veil of rich white lace; while close beside it, from the back of a high chair, hung a bridal dress of snowy silk. Eunice stood yawning wearily.

"Excuse me, miss," she said, "but we have been so busy all day."

"Then go to bed at once," I returned; "I will not need you."

As I opened the door for her to pass out, to my astonishment I confronted Mr. Tyrrell, who stood there just about to knock.

"I beg your pardon, Mildred," he said; "I came to say good-night again, and tell you that I am obliged to ride over to Launceston early in the morning owing to the groom's neglect. I shall be back before ten—and my mother tells me everything is in readiness. Will you say good-night again?"

I was leaning against the door post, and gave him my hand when he offered to take it with no other feeling than exhaustion and sleepiness.

"Good-night," he said again.

"Good-night," I returned.

He looked at me for a moment and then walked slowly away.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

MISTAKING THE BABIES.—A very Western story comes from Quincy, Illinois, to the effect that two mothers were travelling in the cars, each with an infant about four months old; that each mother having occasion to leave her seat, deposited her baby carefully on the seat; that each returning, mistook her seat and her baby, and travelled twenty-two miles, each unconsciously nursing the wrong child; and that the mistake was only rectified when one of the ladies was leaving the car, and the conductor, who had noticed the exchange, called her attention to the fact. This makes a very good story to tell—its only fault being that it is highly improbable, as every mother in the world would testify.

A STORY started in an American journal, and copied into some English newspapers, as to the matrimonial infelicities of Mme. Goldschmidt, better known as Jenny Lind, has led to several libel suits, and the mulcting of copyists to the amount of about £3,000, besides damages about as much more. The subject matter was adjudged a clear libel by the court, as abundant proof was adduced of the entirely happy nature of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt.

Madame Goldschmidt testified that her fortune had not only been unimpaired since her marriage, but had been actually more than doubled. Her husband was addicted to no expensive tastes or habits whatever, was not a gambler, and did not even smoke, and his life was absolutely blameless and had been so ever since their marriage. Further, she declared that they had lived together in entire concord and harmony, and had never lived apart. Mr. Goldschmidt gave similar testimony.

☞ A lad named Henry Buffam, of Lincolnville, Maine, a few days since was caught in the collar by a hook used for fastening a barn door, while he was in the act of throwing the door open, swinging him off his feet in such a manner that he was unable to extricate himself. Persons who saw him supposed he was swinging for fun, and it was half an hour before he was taken down, and three hours before he exhibited signs of life.

The Mysterious Stranger.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY LISLE KRAY.

"Hush, Kate, hush! I hear a step on the piazza, and I do believe it is that man again. Yes, 'tis he! I heard him walking up and down nearly all last night, and now here he is again! I wonder who he is? I am sure there is some romantic story connected with him." And Carrie's face assumed a curious and puzzled expression.

"I suspect, Carrie, he is only a disconsolate swain whose Phillis is smiling on another Corydon just now, and he is spending the winter of his discontent up here among the rocks and cliffs; by-and-by she will relent, and then 'All's well that ends well,' you know, so puzzle yourself no more, my fair cousin, about the stranger."

"Indeed, Kate," I answered, "this gentleman at whom you seem inclined to sneer has, I am sure, some great and terrible trouble preying on his mind. Last evening, when I was returning from the falls, I saw him standing on the edge of the precipice, and I was terrified by the wild and sorrowful expression of his face; his eyes were fastened on the abyss before him, and he seemed to be calling to some one below. Once I distinctly heard the word 'Mabel,' and as he uttered it, he moved forward, and I verily believe he intended throwing himself down the precipice; but a voice in the distance and Hal's approach at the same time stopped him, and turning away he plunged into the woods. I mentioned what I had just seen to Hal, but he laughed and treated the matter so lightly I resolved to say nothing about it to any one else. Still I cannot help thinking his conduct very strange."

"So I suppose, Madge, you think he contemplates suicide. Perhaps so; but one thing is certain, he believes in never doing to-day what he can do to-morrow, for according to our landlord this is his fifth or sixth promenade, and you see he still lives." And Kate buried her head in the pillows and relapsed into something very much like a snore.

Hal, Carrie, Kate and I were spending a week at —— Mountain. We had been there but a few days, when our curiosity was aroused by the singular behavior of one of the gentleman boarders; he had arrived a few evenings before us, and though several attempts had been made to draw him into conversation, he obstinately refused all our overtures, and finally avoided observation altogether by absenting himself from the house all day, emerging from his hiding place only at night, when every one had retired. Then he would pace the piazza for hours, regardless of time or weather.

Many were the conjectures as to whom he was and whence he came, but none could tell. Our host had but lately taken possession of the hotel, so knew nothing about him.

The evening following the above conversation was a beautiful one, and the boarders, with the exception of our party, walked down to the falls. We preferred remaining at the house, and amused ourselves by wandering through its lofty halls and piazzas, lolling on its large, comfortable sofas, and langoring and chatting the gayest of the gay. In one of the parlors was a grand piano, and Carrie's fair fingers were soon rolling waves of melody through the room. Overtures, polkas, gallops and songs followed in quick succession; she was a brilliant performer and possessed a magnificent voice. After several operatic pieces, she played a plaintive prelude and sang that sweet, old-fashioned song, "On cast that shadow from thy brow." I dearly loved to hear these old ballads, and was kneeling beside her, oblivious of all save her sweet voice, when an exclamation from Kate aroused me, and looking up I beheld the stranger standing in the doorway.

Carrie's fingers drew from the key-board, and with a frightened look she arose from her seat. Seeing this the stranger stepped forward, and in low, respectful tones apologized for his intrusion.

"Pardon me, young lady," he said, "pardon me for this intrusion and the liberty I am about to take; but years have passed since I last heard that song, and to-night as you played I could not resist the temptation of stopping to hear it again; but you had nearly finished when I entered; is it too much to ask you to repeat it?"

Carrie re-seated herself at the instrument in response to this polite request. At one moment her notes were thrillingly low—a wailing melody—and the next clear and ringing as a silver bell. They seemed to come from the very depths of her soul, and the stranger listened with bowed head and folded arms. Once a deep sigh escaped him; the hard expression his face usually wore had given place to one of ineffable sadness. The last words of the song had scarcely ceased to echo through the room when the stranger turned to thank Carrie.

"Many thanks, young lady, for the favor you have done me. I shall never forget it."

He bowed low, and without another word hastened from the room.

"Well, I declare, there is politeness for you, Madge," exclaimed Kate. "He completely ignored you and me, deigning only to speak to Carrie, and I too was beginning to pity him as he stood there, as the novels say, in his gloomy grandeur."

The next morning Kate laughingly sketched for Hal the scene that had occurred in the parlor the evening before, and he teased Carrie unmercifully about the Unknown, who he declared would turn out "a horse-thief, an escaped penitentiary-bird, or some other equally interesting character."

The morning's programme we decided should be a ramble through the woods, and before the sun had quite kissed the dew from the flowers we sallied forth. We had not proceeded far, however, when the sky became dark and threatening, and the deep-toned thunder warned us to seek shelter if we wished to escape a drenching. Spying a house in the distance we made for it, and reached it just as the rain began to fall in torrents. The mistress was a pleasant-looking old lady, and soon we were conversing as sociably as if long acquainted. She was curious to know who were the guests at the hotel, and among others we mentioned the mysterious stranger; after describing him, we related the scene that had occurred between him and Carrie, and were thrown into the utmost surprise by her exclaiming:

"'Tis Graham! it must be Graham! that song was Miss Mabel's favorite, and many a time have I seen him bending over her as she sang it. And he is up there again! poor fellow he seems to have a strange infatuation for the place, for he visits it every summer about this time; the anniversary of that dreadful event."

"Oh! do tell us about him," exclaimed Carrie, "his strange behavior and apparent unhappiness have interested us in him, and we would like so much to hear his story, which is doubtless a romantic one."

"A very sad one it is, young lady, and it will cost me no little pain to relate it, but as you desire me to do so I will," and the old lady laid down her work and began. "Some ten years ago I was housekeeper in the family of Mr. Edward Douglas; it consisted of his wife, a son, and an only daughter, Mabel—a beauty, and one of the gayest, brightest spirits I ever knew. She was her father's darling, and he petted her, indulged her in everything wealth could command. And no wonder, for she was very lovely with her violet-colored eyes and golden hair. She was very kind-hearted, and won the love of every one about her. But she was willful, too, and at times would have her own way. Mabel was eighteen when she first saw Hugh Graham—the strange gentleman up at the hotel, whose gloomy and eccentric manners have attracted your attention. Mr. Douglas invited him to his house where he spent many months, and he and Mabel from being the best of friends ended by falling in love with each other. Her parents were much pleased at this, and when Graham asked their consent to an engagement it was readily given. The young people were anxious to be married at once, but Mr. Douglas decided their union should not take place until Mabel was nineteen.

"The fall and winter passed pleasantly by, and summer was at hand. The hot months they determined to spend up yonder at the hotel—and they set out accordingly, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were Hugh Graham, and Will Howland, a cousin of Mabel's.

"Then followed gay times; there were picnics, balls, rides, and drives—and for a time things went on pleasantly enough. But after awhile a coolness sprang up between Mabel and her lover, and it happened this way: she was a bit of a coquette and dearly loved to encourage the admiration and attention her beauty excited.

"The young men were devoted to her, especially her cousin Howland, and she was much oftener seen dancing and walking with him than with her betrothed. Graham chafed under this new order of things, and remonstrated with Mabel, but to no purpose, and so the breach widened day by day.

"At last, one day on my way to the falls—for I had accompanied the family on their trip—I saw Mabel and her cousin seated beneath a tree engaged in earnest conversation. He was holding her hand while her head rested upon his shoulder; a moment after Graham passed me, and I knew by his desperate looks that he had seen them too. That night I carried a note from him to her; it contained a request to meet him alone in the parlor. A stormy scene ensued; he upbraided her for her infidelity, and she acknowledged she loved her cousin. Too proud to sue for the heart he had lost, Graham then and there broke the engagement.

"It was a heavy blow to her fond old father; and he angrily declared his daughter should never marry Will Howland. Mabel did all in her power to get his consent, but he sternly refused it, and finally forbade her ever mentioning the subject to him again. It was then she yielded to her cousin's wishes, and promised to elope with him. Early one morning, Mabel left her room, and unobserved by any one joined Howland, who was waiting for her with his horse and buggy a little beyond the house. The road down the mountain was a much more dangerous one than it is now, abounding in ruts and gullys, while on each side were those fearful precipices which you have observed. They had proceeded some distance, when suddenly the report of a gun rang clear and loud through the woods.

"The horse gave a fearful plunge, and the startled driver failing to check him, he ran madly down the hill until at a sudden curve of the road the buggy was overturned, and horse, carriage, and the terror-stricken occupants were hurled together over a precipice set with jagged rocks at its base. A wild scream of fright and agony arose, and then all was still. Mabel was instantly killed; but Howland, owing perhaps to the fact that his fall was broken by his retaining his hold on the lines which caught in some strange way, and wound around a projecting limb, escaped with few serious injuries, though fearfully stunned. It was a tragic sight—the dead form of Mabel, her wounded and unconscious lover, the mangled body of the horse, and the shattered vehicle.

"At this moment, with a look of horror upon his face—a look that has never entirely left it—Hugh Graham burst through the brushwood and stood beside them. It was he who had fired the shot. He had gone out hunting—not for the game he might obtain, but because he could not endure without motion and change his bitter feelings—and unaware of the approach of the eloping lovers, had discharged his gun at the untimely moment stated. Why should further details of the sad occurrence be stated? Help came at last; Howland was removed to a bed of pain; Mabel's body to her father's house; and Graham, suffering in mind almost to the verge of insanity, was cared for as his condition required. I have never seen him since—but they tell me he comes here every summer and visits the spot where the awful accident occurred."

The old lady brushed a tear from her eye as she concluded her story. By this time the sun was shining brightly, and we arose to go, having thanked our hostess for her hospitality and her story.

That night we listened with more than our usual interest for the step on the piazza, but the unhappy man did not come; and next morning our landlord told us that his strange guest had gone. We never heard of him again.

IN BRITTANY a very curious matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders round them. The number denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, betokens 100*l.* of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for 1,000*l.* a year. Thus, a young farmer, who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn, in an instant, what amount accompanies the wearer.

PAPER WHEELS.—Paper is used for car-wheels now. On the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad the Pullman Car Company have wheels with steel tires and cast-iron hubs, into which paper is introduced in the way of filling under the tires for the purpose of deadening the sound and diminishing the force of concussion. These paper wheels, as they are called, have been running regularly since July last, and are still in good order.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, April 29, 1871.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing in a week or two the new story by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c.—the advance sheets of which we have purchased from Mrs. Wood.

News Agents will please bear in mind this story, for which the popularity of the author of "East Lynne" will doubtless cause a large demand.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.—A correspondent asks us to re-publish this story—but we should not feel free to do it unless we have a "loud call" to do so from our readers. A twice-told tale is irksome to very many.

Practical Knowledge.

Of the uses of practical knowledge we yesterday saw an illustration. A mammoth hexagonal crystal was shown to us by its owner, Mr. Mitchell. It is nearly a foot in diameter, and about eighteen inches long. Next to a specimen in Barnum's Museum, it is the largest we have ever seen. The base of the specimen is opaque quartz rock; the other portion is as clear as crystal. It was found by the Rev. Edmund Craig Mitchell, on the farm of Dr. Johnson, near Elliott's Mills, Md.

The young divine was on a visit to Dr. Johnson. From the house a path leads to a spring that supplies the family with water. Mr. Mitchell walking with Dr. Johnson in the path observed "a stone" about an inch above the ground. "There's a splendid specimen," said he. "Of what?" asked the doctor. "Why, of crystal quartz," was the reply. The doctor said he had passed that stone every day for thirty years, and knew it to be nothing more than a common paving stone. Mr. Mitchell asked leave to wrench it up.

A pick was procured, and to the surprise of Dr. Johnson, the "stone" was buried about eighteen inches deep, and beneath the ground was a most perfect six-sided prism of crystal, almost as pellucid as French cut glass. The young man knew enough of geology to recognize, by the butt-end, above the ground, though none but an expert would have seen in it anything but an ordinary boulder, on a small scale. A little learning may be a dangerous thing; but somehow or other knowledge is quite as productive as ignorance.—*Scientific American.*

GOING TO PROPOSE.

He went up town to-day, girls,
With a very business air;
He'd oiled up his mustache, girls,
And parted well his hair.
There's something in the wind, girls,
Whichever way it blows;
And I'll tell you what it is, girls,
He's going to propose.

Sometimes he's confidential,
And says Maria's fair,
And praises Bessie's hazel eyes,
And Jennie's flowing hair;
Says Alice is angelic, too,
Admires Lucinda's nose,
I knew how it would end, girls:
He's going to propose.

THE second volume of the life of Nathaniel Greene, just printed, contains a letter from Gen. Greene, stating that he had dined at a table in Philadelphia, where one hundred and sixty different dishes were served at the meal. This was previous to 1780. Greene also says that Washington was a vigorous dancer, and at one ball danced three hours with Mrs. Greene "without once sitting down." In another place he declared that "great luxury prevailed in New York and Philadelphia, during the most gloomy period of the war."

MEANT WELL.—It is a charming quality of that sex which gives to the artists their models for angels, that their warmest sympathies always go out to the beaten side. A worthy old lady in Illinois, after hearing the devil very roughly handled by a hard-shell exhorter, observed, with the true spirit of Christian charity: "Poor thing! perhaps he meant well, after all."

BLUSHING.—The blushing face is an index of an esthetic feeling which none but the thoughtful and sensitive possess. The very climax of iniquity is the power to violate the decent courtesies and proprieties of life, without revealing a sense of shame in the suffusion of the countenance. No brute, natural or moral, is capable of blushing. It is one of the inalienable characteristics of a rational, and sentimental, and pure-minded being. Inordinate blushing is a most uncomfortable ailment, and the evidence of extreme sensitiveness.

☞ Death is an unusual and life a frequent visitor to the present royal family of Britain. The little baby of the Princess of Wales that so prematurely came into the world and as prematurely left it the other day, was the twenty-ninth descendant of Queen Victoria, who has had nine children and twenty grandchildren, of whom only one has died. Victoria's nine included five girls and four boys. The Crown Princess of Prussia has seven children—four boys and three girls. One of the boys has died. The Prince of Wales has three sons and three daughters. The Princess Alice, of Hesse-Darmstadt, has four girls and one boy. The Princess Helena, wife of the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, has two boys. What have the matrons of Massachusetts to say to this?

☞ A lady of Cumminsville, Ohio, has recently become violently insane, and her friends have been forced to send her to an asylum. Her misfortune is attributed to the use of nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas, administered to her a few weeks ago by an inexperienced dentist. The lady is of a very nervous temperament.

☞ In California poplars grow from ten to fifteen feet in a single year.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The spirit of insurrection has shown itself in Japan, as well as in more "civilized" countries, and bands of armed men are threatening the government and alarming the people, both native and foreign.

The Czar of Russia will make a tour this summer to Constantinople and Greece. He wishes to behold in person the countenance of the "sick man," and to see for himself what an admirable private bathing place the Black Sea will make for the Russian Bear.

Captain Hall is preparing for a new Arctic expedition. It is thought the vessel will sail in early summer.

It is predicted by a number of scientists, who it is to be feared are risking their reputations, that Philadelphia and vicinity is threatened with an early visit by an earthquake. They say that there are portents in the air and earth and water that indicate such a disturbance of Nature.

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil propose visiting Europe. They will no doubt be very cordially received by the courts and governments of that country.

The volcano of Cuban insurrection, so far from being extinct, is hardly smothered, blazing up occasionally, as at present, with very threatening vigor.

The New Yorkers are in the midst of their annual tribulations attendant upon moving day.

Four members of the Mexican Cabinet have been impeached by the Congress of that country.

It will be a sad page of history that records the events occurring in and around Paris during the month of April, 1871. Without the provocations that instigated the dreadful doings of 1793, the present civil contest has occasioned loss and suffering equal to that of the first, though the idleness of the guillotine deprives the proceedings of one fearful feature.

A writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, in an article comprehensively entitled "The American Press," has been more liberal in his choice of subject than in his treatment of it, since he devotes thirteen pages to a gossipy sketch of New York journalism, and briefly refers to the press of other cities as being conducted "with much literary ability." Some New Yorker has told him that New York is America, and he has evidently believed it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BRAGELONNE; THE SON OF ATHOS. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is the third volume of the above publishers' new and cheap edition of Dumas' works.

TOM BURK "OF OURS." By CHAS. LEVER. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. The fourth volume of a new and cheap edition of Lever's works.

MAGAZINES FOR MAY.—We have received the May numbers of "Lippincott's Magazine," "The Galaxy," "The Transatlantic," and "Scribner's Magazine"—containing the usual assortment of stories, essays, &c.

To Writers.

The editor of *Old and New* addressed to his contributors five questions, all of which are so excellent that we make haste to transcribe them here, in order that the legion of writers for THE POST may study, digest, and apply:—

"1. Could you not live, and yet not roll up your manuscripts?" (We mean, some of these days, to organize an association of editors pledged never to read a manuscript that comes in a roll. If you would save the editor, ladies and gentlemen, no little vexation, let your sheets be flat—but don't apply this advice to your style.)

"2. Could you be so kind as to write your proper names legibly?" (and write your address on the manuscript; and when you have occasion to write to the editor, to recollect that he possibly has more than one article under consideration, so that it would greatly aid him if you would kindly mention what you are talking about! Every day come letters, saying: "I sent you a manuscript, etc.;" or, "When are you going to print my article?" without any mention of the title of the work inquired about, which it would seem to be easy enough to give.)

"3. Would you leave off the introduction, and omit the conclusion?" (That is, begin at once, without circumlocution, and end when you have finished.)

"4. Would you write on note-paper, not folded?" (or on any small sheet, with the pages of uniform size?)

"5. Would you send the manuscript to us, instead of sending it to a friend of a clergyman, who knows a doctor, one of whose patients was in college, etc., etc.?" (Send by post, with stamps for return, and don't expect the editor to enter into explanations why he does not accept your article, or to point out its errors and defects, and show you how you can make it acceptable. An editor is not a schoolmaster, and it is not his province to educate his contributors. He purchases whatever may seem to him suitable, provided he has space to print it, and he would have no time for his ordinary duties if he were to act as literary mentor to every one who might demand his critical aid.)

Breach of Promise of Marriage.

Women constantly sue men, commonly old men, always rich men, for breach of promise of marriage. Not unfrequently they get what they sue for—heavy damages. Now, nobody would object to a woman's recovering, in such cases, a full indemnity for all actual, tangible, pecuniary loss, or expenditure. If she has bought a wedding dress which is left useless on her hands, or made any other outlay which is lost through the breach of a contract of marriage, the defaulting party ought to be ready to pay the bill as soon as it is presented. But the sentimental damages which juries sometimes award have no such justification. The feelings of a really injured party cannot be estimated in money; and women of truly sensitive feelings never bring suits at law to assuage them. These suits for large damages are generally speculations, and are entitled to small favor from judge, jury, or the public. In fact, there is really no damage done to anybody by the frank dissolution of an incompatible engagement. If the engagement develops an incompatibility, there is no greater wrong possible than a reluctant, enforced fulfillment of it. This does more lasting damage, causes more unhappiness, than any breach of promise.—*The Age.*

THERE is no better way to preserve health in the spring than to eat fresh green vegetables moderately every day. These have a tendency to purify the blood. The quantity of meat eaten may safely be diminished toward the approach of warm weather.

A Newspaper Advertisement.

Some years ago, a Quaker knight of the sheare and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Canterbury, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards decamped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt; but like too many others of his cloth, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed upon his books, and soon forgotten. About five years afterward he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Kent Herald:

"If Mr. Henry Webber, who was in Canterbury about the month of August, in the year 1853, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage."

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the editor that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from London, might be found at the "Rose Hotel."

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a bailiff with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The bailiff was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker entered the coffee-room and rang the bell; and when the servant appeared requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him. The waiter obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker, in a bland tone. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero, with a forced smile.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor in this city, and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"O, no!" said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot possibly be me that you wished to find."

But the Quaker was not to be shaken off by this denial of his debtor's identity.

"Ah John! I know thee well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"O, yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstance to which you allude. Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Canterbury, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprizes me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a copy of the paper containing the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity, and continued: "Yes, I see thou art in luck; but as my demand is a very small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest in possession of thy large estates."

A tap at the window here brought the county court bailiff into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue, in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you, if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full. The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "for advertising;" when he broke forth, "Hallo! what's this? 'For advertising?' That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me."

"O, no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that is all right. I have charged thee the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler savagely demanded, "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly, I did," replied the Quaker, with most provoking coolness.

"You told a great falsehood in it!" quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the imperturbable Quaker; "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said in your advertisement that I should hear of something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of 'something to advantage;' and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler, in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a thrashing as will not leave the breath in your body!"

"Nonsense, now!" said the Quaker; "if thou really intendest to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard, and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely abashed by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor, good-naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly; for then will thy conscience not disturb thee, and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as the writer received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

HER HAND.

Next to her spirit-like face—
Or I almost would rank it before—
Is my beautiful lady's glorious hand,
Beckoning on, like a magic wand,
To Love's own exquisite fairy-land
Upon Phantasy's golden shore.

Veil it, oh, never veil,
Even with the delicate glove!
Its beauties unadorned must be,
That I may study my palmistry,
And in its whiteness an emblem see
Of my lady's heart of love.

Garnish with never a ring
Even of gems most rare;
'Twere to gild the gold from Nature's mint,
Man's image in place of God's to print,
The painted lily's hues to tint,
To bedeck those fingers fair.

My Bedfellow.

Into a country town, and during court week, I once rode on horseback at the end of a weary day, passed in a continuous mudhole, studded with stumps and ornamented with logs, that a benighted country called a road. Night had already closed in, and I was guided to the hotel by a thousand and one boys of the place, and the noise issuing from the bar-room, no less beastly and disagreeable. I found the landlord shut up in a corner pen, dealing out liquid insanity to his customers. To my request for supper and a bed he responded that I could eat my fill, but there was not a bed unengaged or not occupied in the house. I persisted, until the wretch informed me that there was "a feller" in number six occupying a double bed, and I could "roll in there" if so minded.

It was dismal, but my only hope; so after the evening indigestion I climbed the rough stairs to number six. I was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, and did so.

It was a cheerless room, without carpet upon the floor, or curtains to shut out the blank night of the windows that seemed to stare blindly in on one, and wink as the candle flared in the wind. I found my companion measuring off his dreams by snores, and undressing "rolled in," as the landlord had suggested. My stranger turned over with something between a growl and a grunt, as I crept to his side.

Tired as I was, I could not sleep. The bed-tick felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night, and be sneezed out some time during the day. Besides this, my bedfellow snored abominably. It sounded like a giant trying to blow "Old Hundred" through a tin horn, without knowing exactly how. I bore this infliction as long as I could, and at last gave my friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at the same time:

"I say."

"Hillo—ah—what is it?" he asked, in a confused way.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am well aware that this is a free country, and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep there is no constitutional provision to prevent him. But I wish to remark that if I do walk, you had better not interfere with me."

"Oh! walk; I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interfered with, I am apt to get furious. I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I'll be blowed! That's rather disagreeable. A fellow might, under an impulse, blurt out something to you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last the now wide-awake lodger asked abruptly:

"Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you wouldn't step in it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked:

"Did you notice that door on the left?"

"I saw a door on my left."

"Well, if you walk, I'd advise you not to go out there. It opens on a porch, only the porch hasn't been built, and it's twenty feet down into the stable-yard."

"I don't believe I shall walk out of that door."

"Don't think I would if I walked much."

I supposed my inquisitive friend was dropping into a sleep, when he again broke out:

"I say, did you really brain a man with a dog-iron?"

"I tried pretty hard."

Then came in a silence that was not broken. After a little while I heard my bedfellow creeping softly from the other side of the bed. I could hear him feeling about for his hat and his clothes. Then I had the satisfaction that the door had closed softly on my retreating tormentor. I rolled over and slept the sleep of innocence.

The next morning on descending to breakfast I found an old friend seated at the table. We had not met for years. After a cordial greeting, I said:

"Are you stopping here?"

"I have been trying. But I am nearly dead. I slept on a bench in the bar-room amid a lot of drunken brutes, who sang Binge for wagers of drink all night."

"Could you get no bed?"

"Yes, I had a double bed to myself, when that stupid landlord sent up a crazy fellow, who walked and struck out with dog-irons."

"Good heavens, Gillespy, was that you?"

"And hang you, Weston, you don't mean to say that you served me that trick?"

It was a case that called for diplomatic explanation.—*Galaxy.*

☞ Two boys on Long Wharf, New Haven, have a novel way of getting molasses into their stomachs. They take a long string, dip it into the molasses, and putting one end between their teeth swallow the rest. After calmly enjoying the delicious sweetness awhile, they take hold of the end of the string and pull it gently out and repeat the operation. It's fun; if you don't believe it, try it yourself.

☞ In Germany the ladies have an "anti-Chignon Society," the pledge of which has been taken by over 50,000 ladies.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ The organ is probably over 1,000 years old.

☞ England has 800,000 more women than men.

☞ Water is six cents a glass in Pioche City, Colorado, and whiskey four.

☞ Salmon are rapidly increasing in the Canadian waters.

☞ The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

☞ There are seventy-six public women preachers in the United States, mostly belonging to the Society of Friends.

☞ One thousand tons of sheet steel were used in England last year for the manufacture of steel pens.

☞ After all the to-do about Utah, the census shows an excess of male population—800 more men than women.

☞ The immigration into Kansas is unprecedently large, especially to the southern portion of that state and the Osage lands.

☞ While gold is worth seventeen dollars per ounce, fine blonde hair rapidly commands twenty-five.

☞ In Oregon twelve per cent. interest *in gold* can be obtained for the use of greenbacks.

☞ It is said that in the last hundred years more than two hundred thousand of mankind have been destroyed by earthquakes.

HAPPY the man who, when he takes a bride,
Espouses her alone, and none beside;
And doth not find, as many husbands do,
That he has married her relations too.

☞ A copy of Benjamin West's painting; "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," has recently been presented to Swarthmore College, with appropriate ceremonies.

☞ The erection of a Hindoo temple in London, it is said is proposed for the accommodation of young Hindoos who desire to go to England to finish their education.

☞ Bright colors are in order now. A new iron store in Broadway has been painted sky blue, and another house in a new coat of the same tint lightens the Fourth street entrance to Washington Park.

☞ A man in Danbury recently paid a debt of $40, which he had owed twenty-one years, and the creditor was so delighted that he would take no interest, and gave half the amount to the children of the debtor.

☞ A Lockport dog got a needle fast in his tongue, and the animal was chloroformed in order that the needle might be extracted. The surgical operation was a success, but the chloroform killed the dog.

☞ If you ever should have the misfortune to "let the cat out of the bag," never, *never* try and stuff her back again; it's *such* a mistake; you only make, inevitably make, matters forty times worse.

☞ A Frenchman cannot pronounce "ship." The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

☞ The disturbed condition of France prevents many travellers from visiting Europe this summer, and large parties have been made up to travel over the Pacific railroads for pleasure this summer.

☞ "Oh, mother," said the Princess Beatrice, when she heard of the betrothal of her sister Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, a subject, "I suppose I can now marry an American."

☞ In the Senate Chamber at Harrisburg, Pa., there are two fine portraits (in shabby, old mahogany frames) of Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespucius, said to be originals by Rubens.

☞ A farmer of Scipio, N. Y., has a turkey that laid one hundred eggs in one hundred days, never missing a day on account of sickness, a circus in town, or any other excitement.

☞ The folding of napkins has been elevated to an art in some of the city restaurants. Sometimes they are twisted to the similitude of swans, sometimes to that of feminine gaiter boots, but the variety of designs is unlimited.

☞ At a social meeting of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, Mr. A. Barmore, its venerable President, made a speech in which he said the shareholders should not expect to receive dividends this year, as ice would be abundant, and consequently cheap.

☞ Brookeville, Maine, at its last annual meeting voted to pay a bounty of $5 per head on all wild cats, loupcerviers and wolverines, killed within its limits. An attempt was made to include dogs in the list, but it failed.

☞ The Herald of Health writes, that sickness is the most expensive nuisance on the face of the earth. There may be instances where it makes people better, but generally it makes them selfish, sad, misanthropic, nervous, mean and miserable.

☞ Barbers complain greatly of the dusty weather with which April has afflicted people. The art of shampooing, they say, is at a stand-still, because customers say that there is no use in one getting one's head cleaned, since it will be filled again with dust immediately.

☞ A FAMILY MAN.—Brigham Young has ordered from a house in Chicago a spring outfit for a part of his family. The order is for twenty-six velvet cloaks and twenty-six dresses; also sixty suits of male attire and thirty-six dress coats. Truly a family man, and most liberal customer!

☞ A marble-cutter near Lockport recently received from a German an order for a tombstone with the following epitaph:—"My vife Susan is dead; if she'd had lifd till next Friday she'd been ded shust two weeks. As a tree fall so must she stand. All things is impossible mit God."

☞ A miser, worth twenty thousand dollars, died in Knoxville, Illinois, recently from unintentional generosity. He drew a check of five hundred dollars, instead of five, to present to a nephew, and when he found what he had done, he cried, "I am a ruined man!" and died from the effects of the shock.

☞ Those who have worn their hats five years will be pleased to see that they are just in fashion again; and those who have pantaloons bought in 1848 will be glad to know that they (the pantaloons) will also be, with their elastic footings, the pride of the man of fashion this season; even as they were his pride twenty-three years since.

☞ A new and most disgusting dodge has come into vogue in London. Two women go about together, the one selling violets, the other with some horrid mess which she contrives to smear on ladies' dresses and gentlemen's coats. Then the violet-seller, who is waiting behind a corner, approaches, points out the nastiness, begs to be allowed to remove it, and receives a gratuity for her pains.

Bottles and Corks.

A well-known member of the Norfolk Circuit, Hart, afterwards Thorold, related to me, that he once fell in with an elderly officer in the old Cambridge coach to London, who made inquiries concerning Robinson (Baptist minister at Cambridge.) "I met him," said the stranger, "in this very coach when I was a young man, and when my tone of conversation was that universal among young officers, and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black, for he was by no means solemn; on the contrary, he told several droll stories. But there was one very odd thing about him, that he continually interlarded his stories with an exclamation, '*Bottles and corks!*' This seemed so strange that I could not help at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not seem to improve his stories at all. 'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson; 'I'm glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.' 'Experiment!' said I; 'how do you mean that?' 'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on story-telling, and wish to make my stories as good as they can be. Now, I observed that you told several very pleasant stories, and that you continually made use of oaths, such as ——. Now, I can't use such words, for they are irreverent towards the Almighty, and I believe actually sinful; therefore I wanted to try whether I could not find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.' All this," said the officer, "was said in so good-humored a tone, that I could not possibly take offence, though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing."—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

HERE is a quaint and pensive little piece by Longfellow, lamenting the narrowness of poetical fame:

VOX POPULI.

When Mezarvan, the magician,
Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan;
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets,
Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown!

This is not the case with Longfellow, however, whose rich and delicate verse is known and prized both sides of the sea, and has been translated into many tongues.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls Western family sold at prices ranging from $5,25@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $6,50@7,50 for Northwest family; $7@7,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@8,25 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,50@5,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—3,000 bushels sold at $1,60@1,65 for Indiana red; $1,60@1 64 for Ohio red; 1,55@1,57 for Penna red; $1,67@1,70 for amber, and $1 72@1,83 for white. Rye—Sales at $1,05 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus at 72@74c for low mixed; 74@75c for high mixed, and 76@77c for yellow. Oats—Sales of 80,000 bus at 62@62c for mixed, and 66@69c for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $20@25, and extra prime at $16,50. Mess Beef at $20@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $29@30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 15@16c; Excelsior Hams at 17c; Sides at 11@12c, and shoulders at 9c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 13½@13¾c; Sides 10c; and shoulders, in salt, at 7½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 11¾@12c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@15c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@26c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 15@16c ₩ doz. Cheese sells at 15@16c ₩ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 500 bales Middlings at 14¾@15c for Uplands, and 15¼@15½c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@23 ₩ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32½c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@5c for Apples and 13@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@5,50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed do, $1,05@1,10; Straw, $1,35@1,40.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—200 bus sold at 9¼@10c ₩ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2023 head. The prices realized from 4@9 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5@8c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $7 to $9 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Family Machine in constant use for eight (8) years, doing all kinds of sewing, from tarletan to velveteen, and give it the preference over all others."

MRS. T. C. VANDERGIFT,
Haddonfield, N. J.

Important to Sufferers from Nervous Excitement.

A gentleman residing in Gramercy Place, New York, (whose name it would not be proper to mention,) was suffering terribly, about three weeks ago, from the effects of dissipation. He could not sleep, vomited frequently, was tormented by horrible fancies, and could not keep a limb still. Opiates made him worse. While in this condition he was visited by a friend, who advised him to try PLANTATION BITTERS as an anodyne, stomachic and tonic. "No use," said the sick man, despondingly; "nothing will save me. I'm a gone case." "Pshaw!" said his friend, "you're worth forty dead men yet! I'm going to doctor you now." So saying, he put on his hat, and going to the nearest druggist's, presently returned with a bottle of the Bitters, of which he administered a dose forthwith. It had a soothing, cheering, tranquillizing effect. For a week thereafter, the gentleman continued to take the tonic regularly, according to the directions, and at the end of that time was able to return to business in sound health, and with a clear intellect. This information is furnished by Alexander T. Minthrom, of Morrisania, who will confirm it if addressed by mail.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

There is Not Such a Reliable Purgative Known

as HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS. They are safe, pleasant, and effectious, and cause neither nausea or griping pains. HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA the great Blood Purifier.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov26-6m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 242 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.
Please send for Circular. Established 1837.
ap8-3m

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.
ap22-tf

Bear in Mind.

When disease has undermined the health, and the physical system has become prostrated, a stimulant that will not only strengthen, but remove the cause, should be immediately resorted to. Mental distress is also a fruitful source of the breaking down of the constitution, and the ravages of this enemy to health are truly alarming. For all such maladies HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS have been found unsurpassed. By acting directly upon the digestive organs, they remove the heavy, disagreeable feeling after eating, so often complained of by persons of a delicate temperament. As soon as digestion is restored, the patient finds his strength increasing, and his general health improved.

Thousands of persons certify that it may be relied on in all cases of weakness or nervous debility attendant upon sedentary habits. The generality of Bitters are so disagreeable to the taste that they are objectionable to a weak stomach. This is not the case with Hostetter's Bitters, which will be found mild and extremely pleasant. Balsamic plants, barks and roots contribute their restorative juices to render it soothing and strengthening. Its basis is the only pure stimulant which has ever been produced, containing no *fusil oil*, or any other deleterious element. The most careful and skilful chemists have analyzed the Bitters, and pronounced them harmless. This is scientific testimony; but the testimony of the hundreds of thousands who have experienced the preventive and curative effects of the GREAT VEGETABLE TONIC and ALTERATIVE of modern times is still more conclusive. In Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Complaints, Chronic Complaints and general debility it is as nearly infallible as anything in this fallible world can be.
ap22-3t

All Ladies Know that men do not like a rough-skinned woman, or one with freckles, tan, and pimples. Nature's remedy for these mortifying blemishes, as well as for Moth-patches and Ringmarks, is Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It gives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which bespeaks refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists.
ap22-tt

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

BANKRUPT.

From auction.—A job lot of Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case Watches, with full jewelled detached lever movements, $22 each—usual price $40. Sent C. O. D. Privilege to examine. F. J. Nash, 697 Broadway, New York. "We have been shown the above goods, and believe them fully equal to the recommendations of the Advertisement."—Christian Advocate. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—Christian at Work. "We have the utmost confidence in the above goods."—Liberal Christian. "Certainly cheap, and the quality reliable."—Christian Intelligencer. ap22-2t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.
ap8 3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. M. Ridgeway, Mr. JOSEPH PAUL to Miss RACHEL R. WEBB, all of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. R. R. Merrill, H. C. HARBACH to Miss MARY CATHCART, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. M. Galley, Mr. JOHN COX to Miss ANNIE HILL, all of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. Newkirk, Jr., Mr. JEFFREY O. BENTLEY to ELIZABETH BUCKINS, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Kummer, GEO. W. MYERS to Miss HARRIET E. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. George B. Russell, ALBERT HANCOCK to Mrs. JOSEPHINE E. KIMES, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. Hervey Beale, RICHARD H. GRAYSON to MARY A. EICHERT, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ELIAS N. MOON to Miss EMMA D. COLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, JACOB LONG, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 11th instant, JAMES BETZ, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 12th instant, THOMAS H. PRENTIS, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 13th instant, Mr. GEORGE J. HAYARD, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 14th instant, SAMUEL CRAWFORD, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 15th instant, Mr. FREDERICK BALDT, Jr., in the 30th year of his age.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. SOPHIA MINGLE, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARGARET FITZGERALD, aged 23 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, aged 82 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. SARAH BOZORTH, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SUSANNAH CHAPMAN, in the 74th year of her age.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE POST is devoted to Novelets, Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Agricultural Information, &c.

Among its contributions may be found novelets and stories from the gifted pens of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Amanda M. Douglas, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Gustave Aimard, &c., &c.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the present year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

The Gesture-Language in South Italy.

In South Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomates say: in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this. A stranger present at a cabinet council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over. "But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word." "True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?" "I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, "except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that business?" "Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well, and more quickly, by signs." The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, everlasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts, and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example, I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

After the revolution of 1860, the police affairs of South Italy were carried on by the Italian carabineers, a remarkably fine body of men, of great intelligence, and mostly from the north, in place of the native *sbirri*. The consequence was that the malefactors did as they pleased, the carabineers being powerless. They complained that it was of no use their attempting to cope with a people who, by a gesture, a look, and a word in an unknown tongue (for the dialects of South Italy are unintelligible to people from the north), hatched plots under their very noses. Riding once in a carriage in Sicily past a string of country carts, each of which had a driver, armed, lying prone on top of the load, I heard one of these men call out: "Ah ca!" very loud, as if to his donkey; but he meant to attract the attention of the carter in front, who understood perfectly well, and looked back, whereupon the first man held up his hand, and rubbed together the tips of his thumb and first finger (the sign for money), giving a glance at the same time towards the carriage. In answer, the friend nodded. The following remarks had been exchanged: "Rich folks there, eh?" "Uncommon." I thought at the time, if those gentry had been brigands, and my coachman an accomplice, he would probably have nodded, and straightway the armed carters would have jumped down, surrounded the carriage, dragged me off to the mountains; and I should have been the subject of numerous letters in foolscap paper, quarter margin, exchanged between polite diplomatists, who would apparently be only too glad of the opportunity of assuring one another of their "distinguished consideration."

Love-making by signs is very general. The method has many recommendations; for as the lovers are not seen together, and don't write, they are not easily found out. Every window opens to the floor, and has a balcony, so that neighbors have great facilities for the pastime. The language of love is very simple; it is always the same, and always interesting and new. The gentleman begins by taking out his handkerchief, which he passes over his face, looking all the time at the lady, and throwing into his face and eyes expressions of admiration for her; at the same time he compliments her on her beauty by passing his hand over his mouth and chin. The lady's answer is a blush, hiding her face, except the eyes, behind her fan, and pointing to the rear, to indicate that mamma is coming, and retreats. Next time, the same play on the gentleman's side, followed by possibly a glance, not of discouragement, from the lady; whereupon he hugs his left side to express that he loves her to distraction; and the lady flees, to return the next day, and observe the gentleman, of course to her great astonishment and displeasure, repeat the previous gestures, ending by showing her the palms of his hands, and looking entreaty, which any young lady even unacquainted with the particular language in question would understand to mean: I vow by, &c., that I love you more than—and so forth. Do you love me? The answer to which, of course, depends upon circumstances; and thus the ancient comedy proceeds. It is understood to be extremely interesting to the *dramatis personæ*. Love-making, short of the "ask-papa" part, is frequently carried on in South Italy in this way; and it not seldom happens that when papa is inexorable, or the lady in a convent, the whole affair, including agreement and preparations to run away, is transacted solely by gestures—apropos of which it is on record, that on an occasion of the sort, all being prepared, and the gentleman in the street waiting at the lady's door with the carriage intended to carry off the happy couple, an awfully gruff voice was heard asking: "Are you there?" The lover looked towards the voice, saw that it came from the object of his balcony affections, and, utterly disenchanted, fled. This story is given without any reserve: it is quite true.

ONE VOICE—ONE HEART.

BY D. G. ROSETTI.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Lost utterly the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark, where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

The Mystery of Jessy Page.

BY J. LUDLOW.

I.

Before beginning the story I have to tell, I must express a hope that the reader will not quarrel with its title, or suppose it to be a purposed encroachment on that of a far more important and better story, that was destined, to our sorrow, never to be completed. The mystery of Jessy Page is a true tale; it acquired that name at the time of its occurrence years ago, and it is never called by anything else to this day. That's why I have retained it.

You have heard perhaps of our old gray church, where two of our servants, Molly and Hannah, went to watch for the shadows on St. Mark's Eve, and from the belfry of which owls had a habit of dashing out at night. Within view of this was the lonely, red brick, angular dwelling, belonging to Copse Farm, inhabited by William Page; a plain, worthy widower, getting in years; his three daughters, and little son, Abigail and Susan Page, two experienced, sensible, industrious young women, with sallow faces, and bunches of short dark curls, were nearly midway between twenty and thirty; Jessy, very much younger, was gone out to get two years' "finishing" at a plain boarding-school; Charles, the lad, had poor health and stayed at home.

Mr. Page fell ill. He would never be able to get about much again. His two daughters, so far as indoor work and management went, were hosts in themselves, Miss Abigail especially; but they could not mount a horse to superintend out of doors. Other arrangements were made. The second son of Mr. Drench, a neighboring farmer and friend, came to the Copse by day as overlooker. He was paid for his services, and he gained experience.

No sooner had John Drench, a silent, bashful young farmer, been installed in his new post, than he began to evince a decided admiration for Miss Susan. The slight advances he made were received favorably; and it was tacitly looked upon that they were "as good as engaged." Things went on pleasantly all the spring, and might have continued so to go on, but for the coming home at midsummer of the youngest daughter, Jessy. That led to no end of cross grained contrariety.

She was the sweetest flower you ever saw; a fair, delicate lily, with a mild countenance, blue eyes, and light hair of a golden tinge. Jessy had never been very strong; she had always been very pretty; and the consequence was that while her sisters had grown up to be useful, not to be a minute idle throughout the long day, Jessy had been petted and indulged, and was not much beside ornamental. The two years' schooling had not improved her taste for farmhouse work; and, to tell the truth, Jessy was given to be uncommonly idle.

To John Drench, who had not seen her since her early girlhood, she was as a vision of beauty. "It was like an angel coming in at the door," he said of the day she first came home, when telling the tale to a stranger in after years. "My eyes were fairly dazzled."

Like an angel! And unfortunately for John Drench, his heart was dazzled, as well as his eyes. He fell desperately in love with her. It taught him that what he had felt for Miss Susan was not love at all; only esteem, and the liking that so often arises from companionship. He was well-meaning, but inexperienced. As he had never spoken to Susan, the utmost sign he had given being a look, or a warmer hand shake than ordinary, he thought there would be no difficulty in transferring his homage to the younger sister. Susan Page, who really liked him, and perhaps looked on with the sharply keen eyes of jealousy, grew at last to see how matters were. She would have liked to put him in a corn sack and given him a good shaking by way of cure. Thus the summer months went over in some silent discomfort, and September came in, warm and fine.

Jessy Page stood at the open parlor window in her airy summer muslin, twirling a rose in her hand, blue ribbons falling from her hair. She was laughing at John Drench outside, who had appeared covered with mud from the pond, into which he had contrived partially to slip when they were dragging for eels.

"I think your picture ought to be taken, just as you look now, Mr. Drench."

He thought *hers* ought; the bright, fair face, the laughing blue eyes, the parted lips and the pretty white teeth presented a picture that, to him, had never had its compeer. He could not answer at first for looking at her.

"Do you, Miss Jessy? That's a fine rose," he shyly added. He was always shy with her.

She held it out. She had not the least objection to be admired, even by John Drench in a state of mud. In their hearts, women have all hankered after men's flattery, from Eve downwards.

"These large roses are the sweetest of any," she went on. "I plucked it from the tree beyond the grass plot."

"You are fond of flowers, I've noticed, Miss Jessy."

"Yes, that I am. Both for themselves and for the language they symbolize."

"What language is it?"

"Don't *you* know? I learnt it at school. Each flower possesses its own meaning, Mr. Drench. This, the rose, is true love."

"True love, is it, Miss Jessy?"

She was lightly flirting it right before his face. It was too much for him, and he took it gently from her. "Will you give it me?" he asked, below his breath.

"Oh with great pleasure." And then she lightly added, as if to damp the eager look on his face, "There are plenty more on the same tree."

"An emblem of true love," he softly repeated. "It's a pretty thought. I wonder who invented—"

"Now then, John Drench, do you know that the tea is waiting. Are you going to sit down in those muddy boots and leggings?"

The sharp words came from Susan Page. Jessy turned and saw her sister's pale, angry face. John Drench disappeared, and Miss Susan went out again, and banged the door.

"It's high time Jessy was put to some regular employment," cried Susan, bursting into the room where Miss Page sat making the tea. "She idles away her time in the most frivolous and wasteful manner, never doing an earthly thing. It is sinful."

"So it is," acquiesced Miss Page. "Have you the headache, Susan? You look pale."

"Never mind my looks," said wrathful Susan. "We will apportion out her share of the work from to-day. She might make up the butter, and undertake the pies and puddings, and all the plain sewing."

William Page, a gray-haired man, sitting with a stick by his side, looked up. "Pretty creature!" he said, for he fondly loved his youngest daughter. "I'll not have her hard worked, Susan."

"But you'd not have her sit with her hands before her from Monday morn till Saturday night, I suppose, father!" sharply returned Miss Susan. "She'll soon be nineteen."

"No, no; idleness brings nought but evil in its train. I didn't mean that, Susan. Let the child do what is suitable for her. Where's John Drench?"

"*He* is in a fine mess—up to his middle in mud," was Miss Susan's tart answer. "One would think he had been trying to see how much of an object he could make of himself."

John Drench came in, somewhat cleansed, the rose in his buttonhole. He took a seat at the tea table, and was more shy and silent than ever. Jessy sat by her father, chattering gayly, her blue ribbons flickering before his loving eyes. Once he caught hold of an end of the shining silk, and held it for a moment against his lips.

But the butter making and the other light work was fated not to be inaugurated yet for Jessy. Charles Page, a tiresome, indulged lad of twelve, became ill again; he was subject to attacks of low fever and ague. Mr. Duffham, peering at the boy over his gold-headed cane, said there was nothing for it but a good dose of seaside air. They had some very distant connections named Allen, living at Aberystwith. To them Miss Page wrote, asking if they could take in Charles and one of his sisters to board for a month or so. Mrs. Allen replied that she would be glad to have them: since her husband's death she had eked out a scanty income by letting lodgings.

It was Jessy who went with him. The house and farm would not have spared Abigail, Susan said; neither would it spare her. The idle and useless one had to go—Jessy. Miss Susan thought she and John Drench were well rid of the young lady.

September was in its third week when they went; November was at its end when they returned. The improvement in Charles had been so marked and wonderful—as Mrs. Allen and Jessy both wrote—that Mr. Duffham strongly urged his staying as long as the weather remained favorable. It was a remarkably fine late autumn that year, and they stayed till November's close.

Charles came home well and strong. Jessy was more beautiful than ever; radiant to behold; but there was some change in her. The light-hearted, talking, laughing girl had grown rather silent; she was often singing snatches of love songs to herself in a low voice, and there was a light in her eyes as of some intense, secret happiness that might not be told. John Drench, who had begun to show signs of returning to his old allegiance (at least, Miss Susan so flattered herself,) fell a willing captive again forthwith; and had certainly neither eyes nor ears for anybody but Jessy. Susan Page came to the conclusion that a shaking in a sack would be far too good for him.

II.

The dressing in our church was always done by the clerk, old Bumford; the sexton (called familiarly with us the grave digger) helping him. It was not much trouble; it took but little time. They had only to cut the sprays off nearly of the same size, smooth the ends, and lodge them in the holes. Christmas was near. Our Christmas was supplied by Mr. Page with a liberal hand: the Copse farm was near and abounded with trees of holly and ivy; one of his men, Leek, helped old Bumford to cut it, and to cart it in a hand truck to the church. It took a good lot to do all the pews.

On this Christmas that I am telling of, it fell out that clerk Bumford and the sexton were disabled. Both of them. The one had the rheumatic gout so badly that his legs were the size of a barrel—and the getting him into church for the morning service for the past three Sundays had been a marvel of dexterity—while the sexton was in bed with what he called a catarrh. At first it seemed that we should not get the church dressed; but the Miss Pages, ever ready and active in a good work, came to the rescue, and said they would do it themselves, with John Drench's help. The squire was not going to be behind hand, and said Tod and I (just got home for the holidays) should help too.

And when Christmas Eve came, and Leek had wheeled up the holly, and we were all in the cold church (not I think that any of us cared whether it was cold or warm) we enjoyed the work amazingly, and decided that old Bumford should never be let do it again, gout or no gout.

Jessy Page was a picture. The two elder ladies had on tight dark cloth dresses, like a riding-habit cut short at the ankles; Jessy was in a bright blue mantle edged with swansdown, and a blue bonnet on her pretty hair. She came in a little late; and Miss Susan sharply blew her up for putting on that "best Sunday cape" to dress a church in; but Jessy only laughed good-naturedly, and answered that she would take care not to hurt it. Susan Page, trimming the branches, had seen John Drench's eyes fixed on the girl; and her knife worked away like mad, in her vexation.

"Look here," said Jessy, "we have never had any Christmas over the pulpit; I think old Bumford was afraid to get up to do it; let us put some. It would hide that ugly nail in the wall."

"There's no holes up aloft there," snapped Miss Susan.

"I meant a bunch of holly and ivy mixed, Susan. John Drench could tie it to the nail; it would look beautiful."

"I'll do it too," said John; "I've some string in my pocket. The parson won't know himself. 'Twill be as good as a canopy."

Miss Page turned round; she and Charley had their arms full of the branches we had been cutting.

"Put a bunch there if you like, but let us finish the pews first," she said. "If we go from one thing to another, we shall not finish while it's daylight."

It was plain good sense; she rarely spoke anything else. Once let the dark overtake us, and the dressing would be done for. The church knew nothing about evening service, and had never felt the want of means for lighting itself up.

"I shall pick out the best sprays in readiness," whispered Jessy to me, as we sat together on the bench by the big christening bowl, she choosing branches, I trimming them and cutting the ends level. "Look at this one! you could not count the berries on it."

"Did you enjoy your visit to Aberystwith, Jessy?"

I wondered what there was in my simple question to move her. The branch of holly went anywhere; her hands met in a silent clasp; the expression of her face changed to one of curious happiness. In answering, her voice fell to a hushed whisper.

"Yes, I enjoyed it."

"What a time you stayed! An age, Mrs. Todhetley says."

"It was eleven weeks."

"Eleven weeks! How tedious!"

Her face was glowing, her eyes had a sweet light in them. She caught up some holly, and began scattering its berries.

"What did you do with yourself?"

"I used to sit by the sea—and to walk about. It was very fine. They don't often have it like that in November, Mrs. Allen said."

"Did Mrs. Allen sit and walk with you?"

"No she had enough to do with the house and her lodgers. We only saw her at meal times."

"The Miss Allens, perhaps?"

"There are no Miss Allens. Only one little boy."

"Why, then, you had no one but Charley!"

"Charley? Oh, he used to be always about with little Tom Allen—in a boat, or something of that. Mrs. Allen thought the sea breezes must be so good for him."

"Well, you must have been dull!"

Jessy looked rather foolish, I thought. She was a simple-minded girl at the best. The two elder sisters had all the strong sense, she the simplicity. Some people called Jessy Page "soft;" perhaps, as contrasted with her sisters, she was so; and she was very inexperienced.

The dusk was gathering, and Charley had gone away tired, when John Drench got into the pulpit to tie the bunch of holly to the wall above it. Tod was with him. Drench had his hands stretched out, and we stood watching in a group in the aisle below, when the porch door was burst open, and in leaped Charles.

"Jessy! I say! Where's Jessy?"

"I am here," said Jessy, looking round. "What do you want?"

"Here's Mr. Marcus Allen."

Who Mr. Marcus Allen might be, Charles did not say. Jessy knew; there was no doubt of that. Her face, just then close to mine, had flushed as red as a rose in June.

A tall, dark, imposing man came looming out of the dusk. His handsome furred great coat was open, his waistcoat was of crimson velvet; he wore two chains, three rings, and an eye-glass. And I'll leave you to judge of the effect this vision of grandeur made, dropping down on us plain church dressers in our every day clothes. John Drench leaned over the pulpit cushion, string in hand; the two Miss Pages stood staring; Jessy turned white and red with the unexpected amazement. It was to her he approached, and spoke.

"How do you do, Miss Jessy?"

She put her hand out in answer to his; but seemed to have been struck as dumb as the old stone image on the monument against the wall; never speaking.

"These are your sisters, I presume, Miss Jessy? Will you do me the honor to introduce me to them?"

"Mr. Marcus Allen," murmured Jessy, redder now than any cabbage rose. "My sister Abigail; my sister Susan."

Mr. Marcus Allen, bowing over his hat, said something about the pleasure it gave him to make their acquaintance personally, after hearing so much of them from Miss Jessy at Aberystwith, and begged to be allowed to shake their hands. Miss Page, when the hand-shaking was over, said in her straightforward way that she did not know who he was, her young sister never having mentioned him. Jessy, standing like a little simpleton, her eyes bent down on the aisle bricks, murmured in confusion that she "forgot it." John Drench had his face over the cushion, all that while, and Tod's arms were tired, holding up the bunch of green.

Mr. Marcus Allen, it turned out, was related in some way to the Allens of Aberystwith; he happened to go to the town soon after Jessy Page and her brother went there, and he stayed until they left it. Not at the Allen's house; he had lodgings elsewhere. Mrs. Allen spoke of him to Jessy as "a grand gentleman, quite above them." An idea came over me, as we all stood together, that he had been Jessy's companion in the walking and the sitting by the sea.

"I told Miss Jessy that I should be running down some day to renew my acquaintanceship with her and make that of her family," said Mr. Marcus Allen to Miss Page. "Having no particular engagement on my hands this Christmas time, I came."

He spoke in the most easy manner conceivable; his accent and manner were certainly those of a gentleman. As to the fashionable attire and the rings and chains, rather startling though they looked to us, they were all the go in the great world then.

Noticing the intimation that he had come purposely to see them, Miss Page supposed that she ought, in hospitable good manners, to invite him to stay a day or two at the farm, but doubted whether so imposing a gentleman would condescend to do it. She said nothing about it then, and we all went out of church together; except John Drench, who stayed behind to help clear up the litter for Leek to carry away. It was light outside, and I took a good look at the stranger; a handsome man of seven or eight and twenty, with hard eyes, and black whiskers curled to perfection.

"In what way is he related to the Allens of Aberystwith, Jessy?" questioned Miss Page, drawing her sister behind, as we went through the coppice.

"I don't quite know, Abigail. He is some distant cousin."

"How came you never to speak of him?"

"I—I did not think to."

"Very careless of you, child. Especially if he gave you cause to fancy he might come here. I don't like to be taken by surprise by strangers; it is not always convenient."

Jessy walked along in silence, meek as a lamb.

"What is he by trade?"

"Trade? Oh, I don't think he does anything of that kind, Abigail. That branch of the family would be above it, Mrs. Allen said. He has a great income, she says; plenty of money."

"I take it, then, that he is above us," reasoned Miss Page.

"Oh dear yes; in station. Ever so much."

"Then I'm sure I don't care to entertain him."

Miss Page went straight into the kitchen on arriving at home. Her father sat in the large hearth corner, smoking his pipe. She told him about the stranger, and said she supposed they must ask him to stay over the morrow—Christmas day.

"Why shouldn't we?" asked Mr. Page.

"Well, father, he seems very grand and great."

"Does he? Give him the best bed."

"And our ways are plain, you know," she added.

"He must take us as he finds us, Abigail. Any friend of Mrs. Allen's is welcome; she was downright kind to the children."

We had a jolly tea. Tod and I had been asked beforehand. Pork pies, Miss Susan's make, and hot buttered batch cakes, and mince pies, and lemon cake, and jams. Mr. Marcus Allen was charmed with everything; he was a pleasant man to talk to. When we left he and Mr. Page had gone to the kitchen again, to smoke together, in the wide chimney corner.

You should have seen the church on Christmas morning. It burst upon our sight, entering from the porch, like a capacious grove of green, on which the sun shone in through the south windows. Old Bumford's dressing had never been as full and handsome as ours, for we had rejected all niggardly sprays. Too squire even allowed that much. Shaking hands with Miss Page in the porch after service, he told her that it cut clerk Bumford out and out. Mr. Marcus Allen, in fashionable coat, light gloves, and big white wristbands, was in the Pages' pew, sitting between old Mr. Page and Jessy. He found all the places for her in her prayer book (a shabby red one, some of the leaves loose); bowing slightly every time he handed her the book, as if she had been a Princess of the blood. Such gallantry was new in our parts; and the congregation were rather taken off their devotions watching it. As to Jessy, she got redder than a damask rose.

Mr. Marcus Allen remained more than a week, staying over New Year's Day. He made himself popular with them all, and enjoyed what Miss Abigail called their plain ways, just as though he had been reared in such. He smoked his pipe in the kitchen with the farmer; he drove Miss Susan twice to Alcester; he presented Miss Abigail with a handsome workbox; and gave Charley a bright silver coin. As to Jessy, he did not take more notice of her than he did of her sisters; hardly as much; so that if Susan had been entertaining any faint hope that his object in coming to the Copse was Jessy, and that in consequence John Drench might escape from bewitching wiles, she found the hope fallacious. Mr. Marcus Allen had apparently no more thought of Jessy than he had of Sally, the red armed serving girl. "But what in the world brought the man here at all?" questioned Miss Susan of herself. "He wanted a bit of country holiday," answered common sense.

One day during the week the squire met them out, and gave an impromptu invitation to the manor for the evening. Only the three Miss Pages came. Mr. Marcus Allen sent his compliments, and begged to be excused on the score of headache.

One evening at dusk we met him and Jessy. She had been out on some errand, and he overtook her in the little coppice path between the church and the farm. Tod and I, dashing through it to get home for dinner, nearly dashed right upon them. Mr. Marcus Allen had his face inside her bonnet, as if he were speaking in the ear of a deaf old lady of seventy. Tod burst out laughing when we got on.

"That fellow was stealing a sly kiss in the dark, Johnny."

"Like his impudence."

"Rubbish to impudence!" retorted Tod. "It's Christmas tide, and all fair. Didn't you see the bit of mistletoe he was holding up?" And Tod ran on, whistling a line of a song that the squire used to sing in his young days:

"We all love a pretty girl, under the rose."

Mr. Marcus Allen left the Copse farm with hearty thanks for its hospitality. He promised to come again in the summer, when the fields should be sweet with their mounds of hay and the golden corn ripening.

No sooner had he gone than John Drench asked Jessy to promise to be his wife. Whether he had felt any secret jealousy of Mr. Marcus Allen and his attractions, and deemed it well to secure Jessy as soon as the coast was clear, he spoke out. Jessy did not receive the honor kindly. She tossed her pretty head in a violent rage; the idea, she said, of having *him*. She had never flirted with John Drench since the early days before the Aberystwith journey, or encouraged him in any way. There ensued unpleasantness at the farm. Mr. Page decidedly approved of the suitor; he alone had perceived nothing of Susan's hopes; and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he spoke sharply to Jessy. John Drench was not to be despised, he told her; his father was a wealthy man, and John would have a substantial portion; more than double enough to put him into the largest and best farm in the county. No; Jessy would not listen. And as the days went on and John Drench (very unwisely) strove to push his suit on every opportunity, she conceived, or professed, a downright hatred to him. Sadly miserable indeed she seemed, crying often; and saying she would rather go out to be a lady's maid to some

well born lady than stay at home to be persecuted. Miss Susan was in as high a state of rapture as the iniquity of false John Drench permitted; and said it served the man right for making an ass of himself.

"Let her be," cried old Page of Jessy. "She'll come to her senses in time."

It was close upon this, hardly beyond the middle of January, when one Monday evening, Duffham trudged over to have a match at chess with the squire. Hard weather had set in; ice and snow lay on the ground. Mrs. Todhetley nursed her face by the fire, she had a toothache as usual; Tod watched the chess; I was reading. In the midst of a silence, the door opened, and old Thomas ushered in John Drench, a huge red comforter round his neck, his hat in his hand.

"Good evening, squire; good evening, ma'am," said he, in his shy way, nodding separately to the rest of us. "I've come for Miss Jessy, please."

"Come for Miss Jessy!" was the squire's surprised echo. "Miss Jessy's not here. Take a seat, Mr. John."

"Not here!" cried Drench, opening his eyes in something like affright, and totally disregarding the invitation to sit. "Why, where can she have got to? Surely she can't have fallen down in the snow and ice, and disabled herself!"

"Why did you think she was here?"

"I don't know," he replied, after a pause, during which he seemed to be asking himself the question. "Miss Jessy was not home at tea; later, when I was leaving for the night, Miss Abigail asked me if I would come over here first and fetch Jessy, to save the trouble of anybody here bringing her."

"She has not been here," said Mrs. Todhetley. "I have not seen Jessy Page since yesterday afternoon, when I spoke to her coming out of church."

John Drench looked about as mystified as a man can well look. That there must have been some misapprehension on Miss Page's part; or else that poor Jessy had come to grief in the snow on her way to us, seemed certain. He drank a glass of ale, and went away.

They were over again at breakfast time in the morning. John Drench and Miss Abigail herself, bringing strange news. The latter's face turned white as she told it. Jessy Page had not been found. John Drench and two of the men had been out all night in the fields and lanes, searching for her. Miss Abigail gave us the reasons for thinking Jessy had come to Dyke Manor.

On the Sunday afternoon, when the Miss Pages went home from church, Jessy, instead of turning in with them, continued her way onward to a cottage of a poor old woman named Matt, saying Mrs. Todhetley had told her the old granny was very ill. At six o'clock, when they had tea, it was discovered that Jessy had not come in. Charley was sent out after her, and met her at the gate. She got a chiding from her sister for staying out after night had fallen; but all she said in excuse was, that the old granny was so very ill. That passed. On Monday, soon after dinner, she came down stairs with her things on, saying she was going over to Dyke Manor, having promised Mrs. Todhetley to let her know the real state of Granny Matt. "Don't thee get slipping in the snow, Jessy," said Mr. Page to her, half jokingly. "*No* danger, father," she replied; and went up and kissed him fondly. Since that, she had not been seen.

It seemed very odd. Mrs. Todhetley said that in talking with Jessy in the porch, she had mentioned the sickness of Granny Matt; Jessy immediately said she would go there and see her; and if she found her very ill would send word to Dyke Manor. Talk as they would, there was no more to be made of it than that; Jessy had quitted home to come to us, and was lost by the way.

Lost to her friends, at any rate, if not to herself. John Drench and Miss Page departed; and all day long the search after Jessy and the speculation as to what had become of her continued. At first, no one had glanced at anything but some untoward accident as the sole likely cause, but gradually the opinions veered round to a different quarter. They began to think she might have run away!

Run away to escape Mr. John Drench's persevering attentions; and to seek the post of lady's maid—which she had been expressing a wish for. Granny Matt was questioned, and declared most positively that the young lady had not stayed ten minutes with her; that it was only "duskish" when she went away. "Duskish" at that season, in the broad open country, with the white snow on the ground, would mean about five o'clock; what had Jessy done with herself during the other hour?—and why should she have excused her tardiness by implying that Granny Matt's illness had kept her?

No one could fathom it. No one ever knew. She might have gone up in a balloon and paid a visit to the moon during that hour, for all that was learnt to the contrary, then or in the time to come. Before that first day of trouble was over, John Drench suggested worse. Deeply mortified at its being said that she might have run away from him, he breathed a hasty word of retort—that it was more likely she had been run away with by Mr. Marcus Allen. Had William Page been strong enough he had certainly knocked him down for the aspersion. Susan heard it with a scared face; practical Miss Abigail sternly demanded upon what grounds he spoke. "Upon no grounds in particular," Drench honestly answered; it was a thought that came into his mind and he spoke it on the spur of the moment.

The postmistress at the shop, Mrs. Small, came forward with some testimony. Miss Jessy had been no less than twice to the shop during the past fortnight, to inquire after letters addressed J. P. The last time she got one. Had she been negotiating privately for the situation of lady's maid, wondered Abigail; had she been corresponding with Mr. Marcus Allen, retorted Susan, in her ill nature; for she did not just now hold Jessy in any favor. Mrs. Small was asked whether she had observed, amid the letters dropped into the box, any directed to Mr. Marcus Allen. But this had to be left an open question; there might have been plenty directed to him, or there might not have been a single one, was the unsatisfactory answer; she had "no call" to examine the directions, and as often did up the bag without her spectacles as with 'em."

All this put together, certainly did not tend to show that Mr. Marcus Allen had anything to do with the disappearance. Jessy had now and then received letters from her former school fellows addressed to the post-office—for her sisters, who considered her but a child, had an inconvenient habit of looking over her shoulder while she read them. The whole family, John Drench included, were up to their ears in agony; they did not know in what direction to look for her; were just in that state of mind when feeble straws are caught at. Tod, knowing it could do no harm, told Miss Abigail about the kiss in the coppice. Miss Abigail quite scouted it; kisses under the mistletoe were as common as blackberries with us, and just as innocent. She wrote to Aberystwith, asking questions about Marcus Allen, especially as to where he might be found. In answer, Mrs. Allen said she had not heard from him since he left Aberystwith, the beginning of December, but had no doubt he was at his own home; she did not know exactly where that was, except that it was "somewhere in London."

This letter was no more satisfactory than the rest. It seemed all of a piece; all vague and doubtful. Miss Page read it to her father when he was in bed; Susan had just brought up his breakfast, and he sat up with the tray before him, his face nearly as white as the pillow at his back. They could not help seeing how ill and how shrunken he looked; Jessy's loss had told upon him.

"I think, father, I had better go to London, and see if anything's to be learnt there," said Miss Page. "We cannot live on in this suspense."

"Ay; best go," answered he, "*I* can't live in it, either. I've had another sleepless night; and I wish that I was strong to travel. I should have been away long ago searching for the child—"

"You see, father, we don't know where to seek her; there's no clue," interrupted Abigail.

"I'd have gone from place to place till I found her. But now, I'll tell ye, Abigail, where you must go first—the thought has been in my mind all night. And that is to Madame Caron's."

"To Madame Caron's!" echoed both the sisters at once. "Madame Caron's!"

"Don't neither of ye remember how your mother used to talk of her? Ann Dicker she was. She knows a sight of great folks now—and it may be that Jessy's gone to her. Bond street, or somewhere close to it, is where she lives."

In truth they had nearly forgotten the person spoken of. Madame Caron had once been plain Ann Dicker, intimate with William Page and his wife. She went to London to learn the millinery and dressmaking: married a Frenchman, and rose by degrees to be a fashionable court milliner. It had struck Mr. Page, during the past night watch, that Jessy might have applied to Madame Caron to help her in getting a place as lady's maid.

"It's the likeliest thing she'd do," he urged. "How was she to find such a place of herself?—and I wish we had all been smothered afore we'd made her home here unhappy, and put her on to thinking of such a thing. 'I should like to be a lady's maid, father, in some great duchess' family,' she says to me one day; and I laughed, taking it for nothing but nonsense. 'Thee'd soon wish th'self back at home, child,' was all I said. Ay; she's off to Madame Caron's; not a doubt on't; I can't tell how it was I never thought of it till to-night.

"I shouldn't wonder but what it is so," slowly spoke Abigail, seizing on the probability.

"And some of you were for taking away my poor lamb's good name!" he added, with emotion. "She'd no more run away after Marcus Allen, or any other Marcus, than you *two* would."

To resolve and to do were one with prompt Abigail Page. Not a moment lost she, now that some kind of clue was afforded to act upon. That same morning she was on her way to London, attended by John Drench.

III.

A large handsome double show-room. Brass hooks on the walls and slender bonnet stands on the tables, garnished with gowns and mantles and head gear and fal-lals; wide pier glasses; sofas and chairs covered with chintz. Save for these articles, the room was empty. In a small apartment opening from them, called "the trying on room," sat Madame Caron herself, taking a comfortable cup of tea and a toasted muffin, after the labors of the day were over. Not that the labors were great at that season: the people who require court millinery being mostly out of town.

"You are wanted, if you please, madame, in the show-room," said a page in buttons, coming in to disturb the tea.

"Wanted!—at this hour!" cried Madame Caron, as she glanced at the timepiece, and saw it was on the stroke of six. "Who is it?"

"It's a lady and gentleman, madame. They look like travellers."

"Go in and light the gas," said Madame.

"Passing through London and are requiring things in a hurry," thought she, mentally running through a list of some of her most fashionable customers.

She went in with a swimming courtesy—quite that of a French woman—and the parties, visitors and visited, gazed at each other in the gaslight. *They* saw a very stylish lady in rich black satin that stood on end, and lappets of point lace: *she* saw two homely country people, the one in a red comforter, muffled about his ears, the other in an antiquated fur cape that must originally have come out of Noah's ark.

"Mon dieu!" inwardly ejaculated Madame, who had caught up a few of her husband's native sayings.

"Is it—Madame Caron?" questioned Miss Abigail, in hesitation. For, you see, she doubted whether it might not be one of Madame Caron's duchesses.

"I have the honor to be Madame Caron," replied the lady with her grandest air.

Thus put at ease in regard to identity, Miss Page introduced herself—and John Drench, son of Mr. Drench, of the Upland Farm. Madame Caron—who had a good heart, and retained amid her grandeur a vivid remembrance of home and early friends—came down from her stilts on the instant, took off with her own hands the objectionable tippet, on the plea of heat, conducted them into the little room, and rang for a fresh supply of tea and muffins.

"I remember you so well when you were a little thing, Abigail," she said, her heart warming to the old days. "We always said you would grow up like your mother, and so you have. Ah, dear! that's something like a quarter of a century ago. As to you, Mr. John, your father and I were boy and girl sweethearts."

Over the refreshing tea and the relishing muffins, Abigail Page told her tale. The whole of it. Her father had warned her not to blut a word against Jessy; but there was something in the face before her, that spoke of truth and trust: and, besides, she did not see her way clear not to speak of Marcus Allen. To leave him out altogether would have been like bargaining for a spring calf in the dark.

"I have never had a line from Jessy in all my life; I have neither seen nor heard of her," said Madame. "As to Mr. Marcus Allen, I don't know him personally myself, but Miss Connaway, my head dressmaker, does; for I have heard her speak of him. I can soon find out for you where he lives."

Miss Page thought she should like to see the head dressmaker, and a message was sent up for her. A neat little middle aged woman came down, and was invited to the tea-table. Madame turned the conversation on Mr. Marcus Allen; telling Miss Connaway that these country friends of hers knew him slightly, and would be glad to get his address to call upon him: but she did not say a syllable about Jessy.

Mr. Marcus Allen had about two hundred a year of his own, and was an artist in water colors. The certain income made him idle; and he played just as often as he worked. The few pictures he completed were good, and sold well. He shared a spacious painting room somewhere with a brother artist, but lived in chambers. All this Miss Connaway told readily: she had known him since he was a child.

Late though it was, Miss Abigail and her cavalier proceeded to Marcus Allen's lodgings; or "chambers," as they were ostentatiously called, and found him seated at dinner. He rose in the utmost astonishment at sight of them: an astonishment that looked thoroughly genuine.

Jessy missing! Jessy left her home! He could but reiterate the words in wondering disbelief. Abigail Page felt reassured from that moment: even jealous John Drench in his heart acquitted him. He had not written to Jessy, he said; he had nothing to write to her about, therefore it could not have been his letter she went to receive at the post office; and most certainly she had not written to him. Miss Abigail—willing perhaps to offer some excuse for coming to him—said they had thought it possible Jessy might have consulted him about getting a lady's maid's place. She never had consulted him, he answered, but had once told him that she intended to go out as such. He should imagine, he added, it was what she had done.

Mr. Marcus Allen pressed them to sit down and partake of his dinner, such as it was; he poured out glasses of wine; he was altogether hospitable. But they declined all. As John Drench plainly put it, dinner and wine mightn't "set" atop of hot tea and muffins. He then asked how he could assist them: he was most anxious they should find her, and would help towards it in any way that lay in his power.

"He knows no more about her than we know," said John Drench, as he turned out into the lighted streets. "I'm sorry I misjudged him."

"I am sorry, too, John Drench," was Miss Abigail's sorrowful answer. "But for listening to you, we should never have had such a wicked thought about her, poor child, and been spared many a bitter moment. Where in the wide world are we to look for her now?"

The wide world did not make sign of answer. London, with its teeming millions, was an enormous arena—and there was no especial cause to suppose Jessy Page had come to it.

"I am afraid it will be of no use to stay here longer," said Miss Abigail to John Drench, after another unsatisfactory day went by, during which Marcus Allen called upon them at the inn, and said he had spoken to the police. It was John Drench's own opinion.

"Why you see, Miss Abigail, that to look for her here, not knowing where or how, is something like looking for a needle in a stack of hay," said he.

They got home none too soon. Two unexpected events were there to greet them. The one was Mr. Page was lying low in an attack of paralysis: the other, was a letter from Jessy.

It gave no clue to where she was. All she said in it was that she had found a situation, and hoped to suit and be happy in it; and she sent her love to all.

The weeks and the months went on. Jessy's fate remained what it had been at first—a mystery. Many a mystery lies unsolved in this world, and will so lie to the world's end. This was one.

The Best Days are Now.

I think that the civilized world never was so happy in ancient times as it is now—relatively, I mean, compared with what civilization is now doing. If you go back two thousand years, even, you will find it to be so. Men like to praise old times. They like to praise, for instance, the good old hearty days of England before King Henry VIII. reigned, when there was simplicity, and when there was a rude yeomanry virtue, and when men were gay and happy. I tell you that were you to take these men up and carry them back there, and let them sleep where men slept then, and let them eat what men ate then, and let them do what men had to do then, and take away from them what men did not have then, but do have now, you would hear the most piteous moaning and whining and complaining that ever afflicted your ears. For we have grown in the number of enjoyments, in the refinements of sensibility, in the realization of life, in all the sweet elements that go to constitute satisfaction in life. No pen can record, no tongue can tell, the growth that has been made in five hundred years. The world is steadily growing.—*Beecher.*

Marriage.

In Charlotte Bronte's recently published letters she thus expresses her views regarding marriage: "Do not be overpersuaded to marry a man you can never respect—I do not say love; because, I think, if you can respect a person before marriage, moderate love, at least, will come after; and as to intense passion, I am convinced that is no desirable feeling. In the first place, it seldom or never meets with a requital; and in the second place, if it did, the feeling would only be temporary, it would last the honeymoon, and then, perhaps, give place to disgust. Certainly, this would be the case on the man's part; and on the woman's—God help her if she is left to love passionately and alone." These views are scarcely what one would expect from the author of "Jane Eyre."

☞ Probably the most curious ant in the world is the parasol-ant of the West Indies. Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his work on Light, says these ants walk in long procession, each one carrying a cut leaf over its head as a parasol, in the sun, and they deposit these in holes ten or twelve feet under ground, apparently with no other object than to form a comfortable nest for a species of white snake, which is invariably found coiled up among them.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A FRIENDLY BARGAIN.

Don Rufino, with his head resting on his right hand, was carelessly playing with a paper-knife, and patiently waiting till his visitor thought proper to speak. This affected indifference perplexed the adventurer; men of Kidd's species instinctively distrust all that does not appear to them natural, and he felt embarrassed by this coolness, for which he could not account, and which he feared might contain a snare. At length he suddenly broke the silence.

"Before all, Don Rufino," he said, "I must tell you the motives of my visit."

"I do not at all care about them," the senator answered, negligently; "still, if you think my knowledge of them may be useful, pray let me hear them."

"I think that when you have heard me, you will change your opinion, senor, and recognize the importance of the service I propose to do you."

"That is possible, and I do not deny it," the senator said, ironically; "but you will allow, my dear Senor Kidd, that you interfere so thoroughly in my affairs that it is difficult for me to decide, among all the combinations your mind takes pleasure in forming, whether your intentions are good or bad."

"You shall judge."

"Pray speak, then."

"I will tell you, in the first place, that a certain Alguazil, Don Parfiudo Purro by name, arrived yesterday at the pueblo of Quitovar."

"Very good," the senator answered, looking fixedly at the bandit.

"Now, I do not know how it is, but the bailiff had scarce reached the pueblo ere by some strange fatality, Captain de Nija was informed of his arrival."

"Only think of that," the senator remarked, ironically; "ever that fatality of which you now spoke to me; it is really being the plaything of misfortune."

In spite of the strong dose of effrontery with which nature had endowed him, the adventurer felt involuntarily troubled.

Don Rufino continued, with a light laugh—

"And still, through this implacable fatality, the captain was not only informed of the arrival of this worthy Don Parfiude, but also of the reasons that brought him."

"How do you know that?" Kidd exclaimed, with pretended surprise.

"Oh, I guess it, that is all," the senator replied, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; "but go on, pray; what you tell me is beginning to become most interesting."

The bandit went on with imperturbable coolness.

"As you are aware, the captain is a relation of the Marquis de Moguer."

"Yes, and a very near relation."

"Hence he did not hesitate, but at once sent off a messenger to the Hacienda del Toro, carrying a letter in which he probably gave the most circumstantial details about the bailiff, and the mission he is charged with."

At this revelation, Don Rufino suddenly doffed the mask of indifference he had assumed, and smote the table fiercely with his fist.

"Ah, that letter," he exclaimed, "that letter! I would give its weight in gold for it."

"Very well, senor," the bandit remarked, with a smile; "as I am anxious to prove to you the honesty of my intentions, I give it you for nothing."

He took the letter from his pocket, and handed it to the senator; the latter bounded on it like a tiger on its prey, and tore it from Kidd's hands.

"Gently, gently; be good enough to remark that the seal is not broken, and that, as the letter has not yet been opened, I am naturally ignorant of its contents."

"That is true," the senator muttered, as he turned it over and over; "I thank you for your discretion, senor."

"You are most kind," Kidd replied, with a bow.

"But," the senator continued, "how did this letter, addressed to Don Hernando de Moguer, fall into your hands?"

"Oh, very simply," the other replied, lightly; "just fancy that the man the captain selected to carry his missive was a friend of mine. As I intended to pay you a visit at Arispe, and as I felt grieved at seeing this man traverse such a dangerous road alone by night, I offered to accompany him, and he consented. I do not know how it occurred, but on the road we began quarrelling. In short, without any evil intentions on my part, I declare to you, in the heat of the argument I gave him a blow on the head with my machete, so well dealt that he was compelled to die. It grieved me deeply, but there was no remedy; and as I was afraid lest the letter might get into bad hands, I carried it off. That is the whole story."

"It is really most simple," Don Rufino remarked, with a smile, and broke the seal.

Kidd discreetly sat down again in his butacca, in order to leave the senator at liberty to peruse this despatch, which seemed to interest him greatly. He read it through with the utmost attention, and then let his head hang on his chest, and fell into deep thought.

"Well," the adventurer at length asked, "is the news that letter conveys so very bad, that it must entirely absorb you?"

"The news is of the utmost importance to me, senor; still, I ask myself for what purpose you seized it?"

"Way, to do you a service, it strikes me."

"That is all very well; but, between ourselves, you had another object."

The bandit burst into a laugh.

"Did I not tell you that I wish to make a bargain?"

"That is true; but I am awaiting a full explanation from you."

"That is very difficult, senor."

"I admit that it is; well, I will put you at your ease."

"I wish for nothing better."

"I will offer you the bargain you do not like to propose."

"I see that you are beginning to understand me, and that, between the pair of us, we shall come to something."

"You are not rich," the senator remarked, frankly approaching the point.

"I am forced to confess that I am not actually rolling in wealth," he answered, with an ironical glance at his more than ragged attire.

"Well, if you like I will make you a rich man at one stroke."

"What do you mean by rich, senor?" the bandit asked, distrustfully.

"I mean to put you in possession of a sum which will not only protect you from want, but also allow you to indulge your fancy, while living honestly."

"Honesty is a virtue only within reach of those who can spend money without wanting it," the adventurer remarked sententiously.

"Be it so; I will render you rich, to use your language."

"It will cost a good deal," Kidd answered, impudently, "for I have very peculiar tastes."

"I dare say; but no matter. I have in Upper California a hacienda, of which I will hand you the title-deeds this very day."

"Hum!" said Kidd, thrusting out his upper lip contemptuously; "is the hacienda a fine one?"

"Immense; covered with ganado and manades of wild horses; it is situated near the sea."

"That is something, I allow; but that is not wealth."

"Wait a minute."

"I am waiting."

"I will add to this hacienda a round sum of one hundred thousand piastres in gold."

The bandit's eyes were dazzled.

"What," he said, rising as if moved by a spring, and turning pale with joy, "did you say—one hundred thousand?"

"Yes, I repeat," the senator continued, internally satisfied with the effect he had produced; "do you think that with such a sum as that it is possible to be honest?"

"*Vive Christo!*" I should think so!" he exclaimed, gleefully.

"It only depends on yourself to possess it within a week."

"Oh, yes, I understand; there is a condition. Caral! it must be very hard for me to refuse it."

"This is the condition; listen to me, and, above all, understand me thoroughly."

"Caral! I should think I would listen; a hacienda and one hundred thousand piastres—I should be a fool to refuse them."

"You must not impede my prospects in any way; allow me to espouse Dona Marianne, and on the day of the marriage hand me the tablets which you took from the gentleman so unhappily assassinated by his valet."

"Very well. Is that all?"

"Not yet."

"Very good; go on."

"I insist that when you deliver me the tablets, you will supply proof that the writer is really dead."

"Caral! that will be difficult."

"That does not concern me; it is your business."

"That is true; and how long will you give me for that?"

"Eight days."

"*Cuerpo de Christo!* it is not enough; the man is not so easily to be taken unawares."

"Yes; but once that he is dead, you will be rich."

"I know that, and it is a consideration. No matter; caral! it will be a tough job—and I shall risk my hide."

"You can take it, or leave it."

"I take it, *vive Christo!*" I take it. Never shall I find again such a chance to become an honest man."

"Then that matter is quite settled between us?"

"Most thoroughly; you can set your mind at rest."

"Very good; but as you may change your mind some day, and feel an inclination to betray me—"

"Oh, senor, what an idea!"

"No one knows what may happen. You will at once sign a paper on which these conditions will be fully detailed."

"Caral! what you ask is most compromising."

"For both of us—as my proposals will be equally recorded."

"But in that case, what is the good of writing such a paper, as it will compromise you as much as me?"

"For the simple reason that if some day you feel inclined to betray me, you cannot ruin me without ruining yourself, which will render you prudent, and oblige you to reflect whenever a bad thought crosses your brain."

"Do you distrust me, senor?"

"Have you any excessive confidence in me?"

"That is different; I am only a poor scamp."

"In one word, you will either accept the conditions I offer, or any bargain between us will be impossible."

"Still, supposing, senor, I were to use the paper I hold, as you employ such language to me?"

"You would not dare."

"Not dare!" he exclaimed; "and pray why not?"

"I do not know the motive; but I feel sure that if you could have used that document, you would have done so long ago. I know you too well to doubt it, Senor Kidd; it would be an insult to your intellect, whose acuteness, on the contrary, it affords me pleasure to bear witness to. Hence, believe me, senor, do not try to terrify me further with this paper, or hold it to my chest like a loaded pistol, for you will do no good. Your simplest plan will be to accept the magnificent offer I make you."

"Well, be it so, since you are so pressing," he replied; "I will do what you ask, but you will agree with me that it is very hard."

"Not at all; that is just where you make the mistake; I simply take a guarantee against yourself, that is all."

The adventurer was not convinced; still, the bait conquered him, and, with a sigh of regret, he offered no further resistance. Don Rufino immediately wrote down the conditions agreed on between the two men—a sword of Damocles, which the senator wished to hold constantly in suspense over the head of his accomplice, and which if produced in a court of justice would irretrievably destroy them both. While the senator was writing, the bandit sought for the means to escape this formidable compromise, and destroy the man who forced it on him when he had received the money. We should not like to assert that Don Rufino had not the same idea. When the senator had concluded this strange deed of partnership, which rendered them mutually responsible, and riveted them more closely together than a chain would have done, he read in a loud voice what he had written.

"Now," he said, after reading, "have you any remark to offer?"

"Deuce take the remarks!" the bandit exclaimed, roughly; "whatever I might say, you would make no alteration, so it is better to leave it as it is."

"That is my opinion, too—so sign; and to soften any painful effect it may produce on you, I will give you one hundred ounces."

"Very good," he replied, with a smile; and taking the pen from Don Rufino's hand, he boldly placed his signature at the foot of this document, which might cost him his life. But the promise of the hundred ounces made him forget everything; and besides, Kidd was a bit of a fatalist, and reckoned on chance to liberate him from his accomplice ere long.

When Kidd had signed with the greatest assurance, the senator sprinkled gold-dust over the paper, folded it, and placed it in his bosom.

"And here," he said, as he thrust his hand into a coffer, "is the promised sum."

He piled the ounces on the table, and Kidd pocketed them with a smile of pleasure.

"You know that I am at your orders, and ready to obey you," he said; "and, as a beginning, I restore you the pistols, which I no longer require."

"Thanks. Have you anything to detain you at Ariape?"

"Not the slightest."

"Then you would offer no objection to leaving the town?"

"On the contrary, I intend to do so as soon as possible."

"That is most fortunate; I will give you a letter for Senor Parfindo, to whom I will ask you to deliver it immediately on your arrival."

"Then you want to send me to the pueblo?"

"Have you any repugnance to return there?"

"Not the slightest; still, I shall not remain there on account of that night's business."

"Ah, yes, that is true, the soldier's death—take care!"

"Oh, I shall only remain at the pueblo just long enough to perform the duty you entrust to me, and then leave it immediately."

"That will be most prudent. But no, stay; upon reflection, I think it will be better for you not to return to the Real de Minas. I will send my letter by another person."

"I prefer that. Have you any other order to give me?"

"None; so you can do what you think proper: but remember that I expect you in a week, and so act accordingly."

The senator struck a gong, and the manservant appeared almost immediately. Don Rufino and Kidd exchanged a side glance. It was evident that the criado, curious, like all servants, had listened at the door, and tried to learn for what reason his master remained so long shut up with a man of the adventurer's appearance; but, thanks to the precautions Kidd had taken, even the sound of the voices, which were purposely suppressed, did not reach him.

"Show this caballero out," the senator said.

The two men bowed for the last time, as if they were the best friends in the world, and then separated.

"Villain!" Don Rufino exclaimed, so soon as he was alone; "if ever I can make you pay me for all the suffering you have forced on me to-day, I will not spare you."

And he passionately dashed down a splendid vase, which was unluckily within his reach.

For his part, the adventurer, while following the servant through the apartment, indulged in reflections which were anything but rosy-colored.

"Hang it all!" he said to himself; "the affair has been hot. I believe that I shall act wisely in distrusting my friend: the dear senor is far from being tender-hearted, and if he has a chance of playing me an ill turn he will not let it slip. I did not wrong to sign that accursed paper; but, after all, what have I to fear? He is too much in danger to try and set a trap for me; but for all, I will be prudent, for that can do me no harm."

When he had ended this soliloquy he found himself under the saguan, where the manservant took leave of him with a respectful bow. The adventurer pulled his wide hat-brim over his eyes, and departed. In returning to the rancho he employed the same precautions he had used in going to the senator's house, for he was not at all anxious to be recognised and arrested by the Alguazils; for, as we know, the streets of the town, for certain reasons, were not at all healthy for him. Kidd found the ranchero standing in his doorway, with straddled legs, attentively surveying the approaches to his house.

"Eh!" the host said, with a bow, "back already?"

"As you see, compadre; but let me have my breakfast at once, for I have a deal to do."

"Are you going to leave us already?"

"I do not know; come, pray make haste."

The ranchero served him without further questioning. The adventurer made a hearty meal, paid liberally to appease his host's ill temper, saddled his horse, and set out, without saying whether he should return or not. A quarter of an hour later he was in the open country, and inhaling with infinite pleasure the fresh, fragrant breeze that reached him from the desert.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HACIENDA DEL TORO.

We will now leap over an interval of a fortnight, and return to the Hacienda del Toro; but before resuming our story we will cursorily describe the events that occurred during this fortnight, in order to make the reader thoroughly understand by what a strange concourse of events accident brought all our characters face to face, and produced a collision among them, from which an unforseen *denouement* issued.

Dona Marianna, persuaded by Dona Esperanza, or, perhaps, unconsciously attracted by the secret longings of her heart, had consented to remain a couple of days with her. These days were occupied with pleasant conversation, in which the maiden at length disclosed the secret which she imagined to be buried in the remotest nook of her heart. Dona Esperanza smiled with delight at this simple revelation of a love which she already suspected, and which everything led her to encourage.

Stronghand, for his part, had yielded to the magical fascination the maiden exercised over him. Feeling himself beloved, his restraint and coldness melted away to make room for an honest admiration. Carried away by the feelings that agitated him, he displayed all the true prudence and goodness contained in his character, which was, perhaps, rather savage, but it was that loyal and powerful savageness which pleases women, by creating in them a secret desire to conquer these rebellious natures, and dominate them by their delicious seductions. Women, as a general rule, owing to their very weakness, have always liked to subdue energetic men, and those who are reputed indomitable; for a woman is proud to be protected, and blushes when she is compelled to defend the man whose name she bears. Contempt kills love. A woman will never love a man except when she has the right to be proud of him, and can say to him, "Spare foes too weak for you, and unworthy of your anger."

During the two days the young couple did not once utter the word love, and yet they clearly explained it, and no longer entertained a doubt as to their mutual attachment.

Still it was time to think about returning to the hacienda. It was settled that Dona Marianna should inform her father about what she had learned from Dona Esperanza, that she should not positively refuse Don Rufino's hand, and quietly await events.

"Take care," the maiden said, as she held out her hand to the hunter; "my only hope is in you: if you fail in your plans I shall be left alone defenceless, and death alone will remain to me, for I shall not survive the loss of all my hopes."

"Trust to me, Dona Marianna; I have staked my happiness and my life on the terrible game I am preparing to play, and I feel that I shall win it."

"I will pray to Heaven for both you and myself with such fervor, that I feel confident my prayers will be granted."

These words, with which the young people parted, were equivalent to a mutual engagement. Dona Esperanza tenderly embraced the maiden.

"Remember the legend," she said to her, and Dona Marianna replied with a smile.

The tigrero held the horses by the bridle. Stronghand and ten hunters prepared to follow the travellers at a distance, in order to help them, should it be necessary. The journey was performed in silence. Dona Marianna was too much engaged in restoring some degree of order to her thoughts, which were upset by what had happened during the two days she spent among the hunters, to dream of saying a word to her companion; while he, for his part, confounded by the way in which he had been treated in camp, tried to explain the luxury and comfort which he had never before witnessed in the desert, and which plunged him into a state of amazement from which he could not recover.

As Dona Marianna had expressed a wish to reach their journey's end as quickly as possible, Marianno took a different road from that which he had previously followed, and which ran to El Toro without passing by the rancho.

At about 3 P. M. they came in sight of the rock, and began scaling the path, and then noticed the hunters, commanded by Stronghand, drawn up in good order on the skirt of the forest. When the young lady reached the first gate of the hacienda, the sound of a shot reached her ear, and a white puff of smoke floating over the horsemen made her guess who it was that had fired it. Dona Marianna waved her handkerchief in the air. A second shot was fired, as if to show her that the signal was seen, and then the hunters turned round and disappeared in the forest. Dona Marianna entered the hacienda, and the first person she met was Paredes.

"Heavens! nina," the worthy majordome exclaimed; "where have you come from? The Marquis has been excessively anxious about you."

"Does not my father know that I have been to pay a visit to my nurse?"

"Your brother told him so, nina; but as your absence was so prolonged, the Marquis was afraid that some accident had happened to you."

"You see that it was not so, my good Paredes; so set your mind at rest, and go and reassure my father, to whom I shall be delighted to pay my respects."

"Don Hernando will be pleased at your return, nina; he is at this moment engaged with Don Ruiz in inspecting the walls on the side of the huerta, in order to make certain that they are in a sound condition; for we fear more and more an attack from the Indians."

"In that case do not disturb my father, and I will go and rest in the drawing-room, for I am exhausted with fatigue; and when my father has completed his inspection, you will inform him of my return. It is unnecessary to importune him now."

"Importune him!" exclaimed the honest majordomo, "excuse me, senorita, if I am not of your opinion on that head. The Marquis would not forgive me if I did not immediately inform him of your return."

"My dear Marianno," the young lady then said, addressing her foster-brother, "it is not necessary to tell what we have been doing during our absence. Everybody must suppose that I have not quitted my nurse's rancho; you understand, and I count on your discretion. When the time arrives, I intend myself to inform my father of all that has occurred."

"Enough, nina; you know that your wishes are orders for me. I will not say a word—besides, it is no business of mine."

"Very well, Marianno; now receive my sincere thanks for the services you have rendered me."

"You know that I am devoted to you, nina; I have merely done my duty, and you have no occasion to thank me for that."

The young lady offered him her hand with a smile, and entered her apartments. The tigrero, when left alone, took the bridles of the two horses and led them to the corral, through the crowd of rancheros, who, by the Marquis's orders, had sought refuge in the hacienda, and had erected their jacals in all the court-yards. Dona Marianna was not sorry to be alone for a few minutes, in order to have time to prepare the conversation she intended to have with her father and brother, whose difficulties she did not at all conceal from herself.

Don Hernando heard, with a lively feeling of joy, of his daughter's return, and immediately gave up his inspection in order to hurry to her. The more heavily misfortune pressed upon the marquis, the greater became the affection he entertained for his children; he felt a necessity for resting on them and drawing more closely the family ties. When he entered, with Don Ruiz, the room in which Dona Marianna was awaiting him, he opened his arms and embraced her tenderly.

"Naughty girl!" he exclaimed; "what mortal anxiety you have caused me! Why did you remain so long absent in these troublous times?"

"Forgive me, my dear father," the girl answered, as she returned his caresses; "I incurred no danger."

"Heaven be praised! But why did you stay away from us for three days?"

The young lady blushed.

"Father," she answered, as she lavished on her parent those tender blandishments of which girls so thoroughly possess the secret, "during my entire absence I was only thinking of you."

"Alas!" the marquis murmured, with a choking sigh, "I know your heart, my poor child; unhappily my position is so desperate that nothing can save me."

"Perhaps you may be saved, father," she said, with a toss of her head.

"Do not attempt to lead me astray by false hopes, which, in the end, would render our frightful situation even more cruel than it is."

"I do not wish to do so, father," she said, earnestly, "but I bring you a certainty."

"A certainty, child! That is a very serious word in the mouth of a girl. Where do you suppose it possible to find the means to conjure ill fortune?"

"Not very far off, father; at this very place, if you like."

Don Hernando made no reply, but let his head drop on his chest mournfully.

"Listen to Marianna, father," Don Ruiz then said; "she is the angel of our home. I believe in her, for I am certain that she would not make a jest of our misfortunes."

"Thanks, Ruiz. Oh, you are right; I would sooner die than dream of increasing my father's grief."

"I know it, child," the marquis answered, with sad impatience; "but you are young, inexperienced, and doubtless accept the wishes of your heart as certainties."

"Why not listen to what my sister has to say, father?" Don Ruiz said. "If she is deceiving herself—if what she wishes to tell us does not produce on you the effect she expects from it, at any rate she will have given an undeniable proof of the lively interest she takes in your affairs; and were it only for that reason, both you and I owe her thanks."

"Of what good is it, children?"

"Good heavens, father! in our fearful situation we should neglect nothing. Who knows? Very frequently the weakest persons bring the greatest help. Listen to my sister first, and then you will judge whether her remarks deserve to be taken into consideration."

"As you press it, Ruiz, I will hear her."

"I do not press, father—I entreat. Come, speak, little sister; speak without fear, for we shall listen—at least I shall—with the liveliest interest."

Dona Marianna smiled sweetly, threw her arms round her father's neck, and laid her head on his shoulder with a charming gesture.

"How I love you, my dear father!" she said; "how I should like to see you happy! I have nothing to tell you, for you will not believe me; and what I might have to say is so strange and improbable, that you would not put faith in it."

"You see, child, that I was right."

"Wait a moment, father," she continued; "if I have nothing to tell you, I have a favor to ask."

"A favor!—yes, my dear."

"Yes, father, a favor; but what I desire is so singular—coming from a girl—that I really do not know how to make my request, although the thought is perfectly clear in my mind."

"Oh, oh, little maid," the marquis said, with a smile, though he was much affected, "what is this thing which requires such mighty preparations? It must be very terrible for you to hesitate so in revealing it to me."

"No, father, it is not terrible; but, I repeat, it will appear to you wild."

"Oh, my child," he continued, as he shrugged his shoulders with an air of resignation, "I have seen so many wild things for some time past, that I shall not attach any importance to one now; hence you can explain yourself fully, without fearing any blame from me."

"Listen to me, father; the favor I have to ask of you is this—and, in the first place, you must promise to grant it to me."

"Caramba!" he said, good-humoredly, "you are taking your precautions, senorita. And suppose that I refuse?"

"In that case, father, all would be at an end," she replied, sorrowfully.

"Come, my child, reassure yourself; I pledge you my word, which you ask for so peremptorily. Are you satisfied now?"

"Oh, father, how kind you are! You really mean it now. You pledge your word to grant me what I ask of you?"

"Yes, yes, little obstinate, I do pledge my word."

The girl danced with delight, as she clapped her pretty little hands, and warmly embraced her father.

"On my word, this little girl is mad!" the marquis said, with a smile.

"Yes, father, mad with delight; for I hope soon to prove to you that your fortune has never been more flourishing than it now is."

"Why, her mind is wandering now."

"No, father," said Don Ruiz, who, with his eyes fixed on his sister, was listening with sustained interest, and was attentively following the play of her flexible face, on which the varied emotions that agitated her were reflected; "I believe, on the contrary, that Marianna is at this moment revolving in her mind some strange scheme, for carrying out which she requires full and entire liberty."

"You have read the truth, Ruiz. Yes, I have a great project in my head; but in order that it may be thoroughly successful, I must be mistress of my actions, without control or remarks, from eight o'clock this evening till midnight. Do you grant me this power, father?"

"I have promised it," Don Hernando replied, with a smile. "A gentleman has only his word; as you desire, from eight o'clock till midnight you will be sole mistress of the hacienda: no one, not even myself, will have the right to make a remark about your conduct. Must I announce this officially to our people?" he added, sportively.

"It is unnecessary, father; only two persons need be told."

"And who are these two privileged persons, if you please?"

"My foster-brother Marianno, the tigrero, and Jose Paredes."

"Come, I see you know where to place your confidence. Those two men are entirely devoted to us, and this gives me trust in the future. Go on, my child; what must be done further?"

"These men must be provided with picks, spades, crow-bars, and lanterns."

"I see you are thinking about digging."

"Possibly," she said, with a smile.

"Stories about buried treasure are thoroughly worn out in this country, my child," he said, with a dubious shake of his head; "all those that have been buried were dug up long ago."

"I can offer you no explanation, father. You are ignorant of my plan, and hence cannot argue upon a matter you do not know; moreover, you must make no remarks, and be the first to obey me," she said, with an exquisite smile. "You ought not to give an example of rebellion to my new subjects."

"That is perfectly true, my dear child; I am in the wrong, and offer you an ample apology. Be good enough to go on with your instructions."

"I have only a word to add, father. You and Ruiz must also provide yourselves with tools, for I expect you all four to work."

"Oh, oh, that is rather hard—not on me who am young," Don Ruiz exclaimed, laughingly, "but on our father. Come, little sister, do not expect such toil from him."

"I may have to lend a hand myself," Dona Marianna replied. "Believe me, Don Ruiz, you should not treat this affair lightly; it is far more serious than you suppose, and the consequence will be of incalculable importance to my father and the honor of our name. In my turn I will take an oath, since you refuse to believe my word."

"Not I sister."

"Yes, Ruiz, you doubt it, although you do not like to allow it. Well, I swear to you and my father, by all I hold dearest in the world—that is to say, you two—that I am perfectly well aware of what I am doing, and am certain of success."

Such enthusiasm sparkled in the girl's brilliant eyes, there was such an expression of sincerity in her accent, that the two gentlemen at length confessed themselves vanquished; her conviction had entered their minds, and they were persuaded.

"What you desire shall be done, daughter," Don Hernando said; "and, whatever the result may be, I shall feel grateful to you for the efforts you are making."

Don Ruiz, by his father's orders, warned the majordomo and the tigrero, who was already preparing to return to the rancho. But so soon as the young man knew that his presence was necessary at the hacienda, he remained without the slightest remark, and delighted at having an opportunity to prove to his masters how greatly he was devoted to them. Then what always happens under similar circumstances occurred: while Dona Marianna was calmly awaiting the hour she had herself fixed for action, the Marquis and his son, on the other hand, suffered from a feverish curiosity, which did not allow them a moment's rest, and made them regard the delay as interminable. At length eight o'clock struck.

"It is time!" said Dona Marianna.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Are the Sparrows to Be a Nuisance?

Evil reports of what our sparrows are doing in the rural districts come to us. It is a fact to lament, yet nevertheless it is a fact that these little English birds are very good citizens, but behave very badly as soon as they take it into their heads to go into the country. It will soon be seen that it was an ill-advised measure to bring them here at all, for although they destroy the larvæ of insects and keep caterpillars from covering us in the summer, yet when they get out into the fields they descend upon the wheat and the young rye as dissipated youth fall upon the old rye, but with more disastrous effects upon the original owners thereof. In some countries a reward is paid for the dead body of a sparrow, and for all sparrow eggs that may be found and destroyed, so that they fairly come under the head of vermin. But the damage done is not alone to the grain; there is hardly a more quarrelsome and tyrannical bird than this. He fights with the robin and overcomes him by numbers; he harries and drives away the beautiful Baltimore oriole, the most welcome and lovely of our summer visitors, whose orange and vermillion hues on a background of black, and whose plaintive, mellow note are the delight of the world; who come all the way from Mexico to us, only to find little gray thieves in possession of his old haunts, determined not to share with him, but, on the contrary, bent on his destruction. As matter of fact the adult sparrow cares very little for larvæ and very much for grain; gives the former to his young while he himself lives as much as possible on the latter. So it is easy to see how dangerous a denizen of the country he is. As for beauty, except that which comes from quick motion, he has none of it, although he is picturesque and piquant. The writer of this paragraph happened to be in the country a few days ago and saw a handsome cock robin standing on the ground surrounded by sparrows who watched every movement he made, and every once in a while would dart at him as a boy throws his peg-top, stab him with their beaks, fly after him when he flew, pestering and making life a burden to him. When the orioles came last summer looking for their houses—for some had learned to occupy houses—they had to perch on trees and look longingly at their homes, on the top of each of which stood a big sparrow on guard, as pert and ready to fight as a gamin. The farmers are complaining already, and think it would be well to import a few lively sparrow-hawks to decimate the little gray thieves and murderers.—*New York World.*

UNDUE FAMILIARITY.—One of the great faults in modern manners is the habit of undue and improper familiarity. Some of the cleverest of men fall into the way of squeezing hands in the most violent manner, of slapping even their seniors on the back, and in other rude modes emphasizing their familiarity and assuming a close proximity of person quite uncomfortable to persons of good breeding and taste. Others again have an offensive and familiar habit of using personalities, displaying a knowledge of intimate and strictly private matters which one would scarcely care to have known to one's particular friends, much less the subject of rude and unmannerly conversation by comparative strangers.

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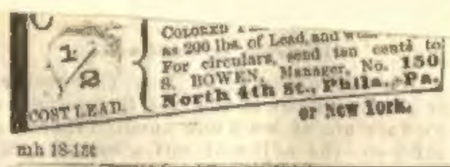

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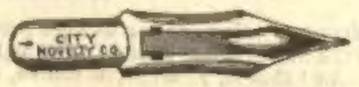

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NEW LOAN

OF THE UNITED STATES.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in Bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in Bonds of the United States known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under state, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Mobile, Ala., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The following banking houses are also authorized to act as agents in receiving subscriptions in the United States, viz:

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Thomas Denny & Co.
Drexel, Winthrop & Co.
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Fisk & Hatch.
Frank & Gano.
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Secretary of the Treasury.

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of Last Administration, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, March 1, 1871.
Five-twenty six per cent stock	$808,369,500	$1,892,587,350	$1,434,099,900
Other six per cent. stocks	282,381,942	283,677,400	283,678,100
Ten-forty five per cent. stock	172,770,100	194,567,200	194,567,200
Other five per cent stock	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000		
Three year six per cent. notes	212,121,470		
Total funded	2,130,784,112	2,107,854,050	1,932,345,200
Greenback notes	$423,114,790	$356,021,073	$356,100,186
Greenback certificates	205,822,845	71,140,000	55,360,000
Gold certificates		23,775,500	29,657,500
Fractional currency	25,750,032	36,781,547	40,573,743
Past due notes and bonds	17,203,139	6,422,484	3,291,112
Total Treasury circulation	721,950,796	499,140,644	484,930,545
Less gold in Treasury	25,337,836	93,741,261	103,174,209
	696,612,930	400,399,383	381,756 337
Less currency balance	91,401,775	16 858,329	20,954,606
Net Treasury circulation	605,211,163	383,543,054	360,801,731
Total principal of debt	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,398,904	$2,293,145,431
Yearly interest, in gold	$64,419,620	$124,255,330	$113,194,949
Yearly interest in currency	87,012,423	2 134,270	1,657,140
Total amount of interest charge	151,432,051	126,389,550	114,852,089

ap15-3t

WIT AND HUMOR.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

He sang the praise of "smiling morn,"
And "hailed" the rising sun;
"How sweet," wrote he, "to rise at dawn"—
(He never rose till one.)

Of wedded love, too, would he sing,
And calm, domestic life;
"Marriage," wrote he, "'s a holy thing"—
(He used to beat his wife.)

Beauty he praised all else above;
"And much preferred to gold,
A youthful maiden's lasting love"—
(His wife was rich and old.)

He wrote, "The noblest use of wealth
Is to assist the many,
And doing others good by stealth"—
(He never gave a penny.)

He wrote, "I hold that man a sot,
And sunk in moral torpor,
Who honoreth his parents not"—
(His mother died a pauper.)

"Against the drunkard's wicked ways,
Until my latest breath,
A sad, reproving voice I'll raise"—
(He drank himself to death.)

Hold Fast Below.

I party of Irishmen, once upon a time, contracted to clear a deep well. Having none of the conveniences employed for such purposes, they were at a loss to get one of the party on a little ledge near the bottom to assist in the process of getting out water, mud, etc. At last, Jimmy Phelan, a herculean fellow, proposed a plan which was considered just the thing.

It was this: Jimmy was to clasp his big fists around the windlass; then another of the party was to clamber down and hold on by his legs, and so on until the last man should be able to leap upon the ledge.

Being slightly corned with liquor, the party prepared for the descent without stopping to contemplate the difficulties involved in the adventure.

With bared breast, and sleeves tucked up, big Jimmy seized the round portion of the windlass directly over the well and swung himself over. Another of the party crept down Jimmy's body and grasped him by the boots. After several more had followed suit, and the human chain began to stretch far into the well, Jimmy became alive to one great difficulty; the windlass did not afford him a good hold in the first place, and the weight was getting intolerable.

At last, human sinew could stand it no longer, and Jimmy hailed the lower link in the chain with:

"Be jabers, Pat, hold fast below till I sphit on me hans."

Suiting the action to the words, he released his hold, when, of course, the whole party was precipitated to the bottom of the well. As luck would have it, there was more mud than water where the Hibernians lit, and they wisely considered themselves particularly fortunate in escaping without actual loss of either life or limb.

A Scientific Old Lady.

When I was teaching the station-masters the telegraph on the branch lines of a certain company, Mr. K——, a master at one of the stations, told me a laughable incident. In the village was an elderly lady, who always professed to understand everything, particularly if at all scientific. She was soon at the station, and congratulated my friend on the great acquisition the telegraph would be. "How nice! No fear of fire now; we could have the engines here in no time."

At another time she remarked: "Mr. K——, I quite understand the secret of sending the messages—I am perfectly aware of what electricity is composed; but there is one little point I am ignorant of." Mr. K——, of course, professed himself willing to explain to her all he was able. "Well," said she, "I know all but this—how do the messages pass the police?"

Not a Ram.

Not long since, our friend Brown was on a visit to Lookout Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with a fine jet of water which was thrown above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with:

"My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, a hydraulic contrivance so named.

"A ram?" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a ram," I said.

"What on earth—no sir. It's a big mule! and it's tremendious hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you."

Brown saw the mule and left.

CHANCELLOR PONSONBY's knowledge of law, and power of humorous expression must have been limited, if we are to believe the following lines, by some wicked wit:

No plan can succeed, and no party can thrive,
With a leader who neither can lead us nor drive.
For six mortal years, as rhetorical graces,
We truisms cheer'd, and extolled commonplaces;
Wash'd over with praise every folly and flaw,
And smil'd at his jokes, and look'd grave at his law,
(Could friendship do more?) while indifferent folks
All smil'd at his law and looked grave at his jokes."

IN the dressing-room: *Husband*—"Mary, dear, aren't you well; why don't you come down stairs?"

Wife—"Oh, I've got one eyebrow blacker than the other—and I can't find a pencil anywhere, and it won't wash off, and I don't know what to do at all."

HIS BAGGAGE.—"That seat is engaged," said a pretty young maid, as I entered a car one day. "To whom?" "A young gentleman, pouting," she said. "Then where is his baggage, pray?" Her ruby lips opened like rosebuds in spring, her face in deep blushes was dyed, as muttering drowsily, she cried, "You hateful old thing! why, I am his baggage."

A PERSON in prison was asked by a friend what it was for. "For telling lies," he replied. "Telling lies! how is that?" demanded the other. "Why telling people I would pay 'em, and not keeping my word."

RATHER OVERDOING IT.

KITTY.—"Now, *do* you call her pretty?"

FITZ-NOODLE.—"Pretty! No; ugly—very ugly—in fact the ugliest woman I ever saw. Aw! that is, ye know, of course, ah, present company excepted!"

THE RIVER.

A little child, as the morning fair,
Whose glittering waves of golden hair
Gleam'd in the sunshine's quiver,
Gathering wreaths of the woodbine spray,
Gathering cowslip and coltsfoot gay,
Flinging them out to float away,
Down the river.

A girl, who linger'd as if to see
The May-flies dancing merrily
By the banks where the willows shiver;
Yet saw but the love light in pleading eyes,
And heard but the music of low replies,
As she sat, in the glow of the noonday skies,
By the river.

A woman, pausing as if to note
The great white lilies serenely float
In the sunset's crimson quiver;
O'er whose face flush'd a sudden sober gleam,
As she heard the changeless voice of the stream,
And thought how she dreamt her first love dream
By the river.

A lonely mourner, who linger'd late,
Though the grave was closed, the turf lay straight,
And earth was earth's forever:
Out from the churchyard paths he pass'd,
And stood where the dead had loiter'd last,
While the crescent moon her radiance cast
On the river.

And over and aye, with the self-same song,
The mighty waters roll'd along
'Twixt the banks where the willows shiver:
Through childhood's laugh and girlhood's sigh,
While life drags on and old men die,
To the ocean, whose name is Eternity,
Rolls the river.

PARTINGS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

It is next to impossible for the grown children of a family to stay at home honorably. Life may so adjust itself that this is the best possible arrangement; but usually the sons who have energy, enterprise, character, push out into the world. What good has the mother in her empty house, with one son in China, and one in California, and one in Chicago, and one on the high seas? The foolish mother thinks she has vast treasure still, and conceives immediately a deep and abiding interest in all those places. Instead of dismissing her son from her thought, she takes into her heart at once all the ends of the earth and all the paths of the sea. Not a newspaper scrap from China or California escapes her eye. The scope of her mind has become enlarged through the scope of her affection, and her son's good name in Cathay makes her as proud and happy as if she heard his praise resounding under her own roof-tree.

It is frequent parting that softens the asperity, and sweetens the bitterness, and mitigates the ferociousness of association. Human nature is so sharp and strong and self, willed, that it is a great trial for human beings to live together. The substantial traits of character may be harmonious; but little tastes, slight individualities, opposing tempers, will clash; and even Christian forbearance, generous yielding, kindly courtesy, need the occasional help of absence to keep life permanently sweet. Absence is the great idealizer, and withal, perhaps, the most truthful painter. Your stout, healthy, noisy boy, who teased his sisters, and tossed his pillows, and broke furniture, and tried even his mother's patience, has gone away; and in his silent room you only think how bright, and frank, and fearless he is—how generous, alert, and eager. The friend and companion whose impatience irritated you, whose indecision annoyed you, whose unpromptitude exasperated you, has crossed the seas, and you remember only how truthful he was, how loyal, how devoted, how unselfish.

It is parting, indeed, that ploughs great furrows in the heart, but it keeps the soil mellow and open, receptive and fertile. Made as we are, we should grow, without it, too hard, exacting, unresponsive, unforgiving. With the pain of parting always near, with the shadow of one parting never far, it is easy to repress the hasty word, to discern the sunny side, to veil the weakness with charity, and nourish the strength with love. The heart grows soft and tender and considerate, self fades and selfishness dies, and the whole being goes out in eager desire to succor and bless its beloved.—*Bazar.*

Children who Work.

How few residents of New York realize, or are even aware of the fact, that within its confines are at least one hundred thousand children—the adjacent cities contain perhaps as many more—to whom the morning light on six days of the week brings only toil. For these children there are no schools, no nuttings in the woods, no bright walks in Central Park. They are prematurely burdened with the cares of life; dwarfed in stature from the lack of proper nutriment; by confinement in the bad air of workshops; by the bearing of heavy burdens, and the deprivation of such recreations as a normal childhood imperatively demands. They may be seen in the early morning, in all portions of the city, among the laboring throng, hastening with serious mien to the service of the day.

You will be astonished by the vast number of occupations in which boys and girls under the age of fifteen years are made to earn from fifty cents to five dollars per week. Nearly two hundred different employments are recorded in a single school for boys. They manufacture ink, stencils, tin boxes, whalebones, whips, tobacco, toys, soap, shirts, ropes, picture-frames, paper collars and boxes, mineral waters, fans, feathers, corks, chignons, brushes, brier-wood pipes, bonnet-frames, bottles, bags, beads, artificial flowers, and bird-cages. They are apprentice-boys, cash and errand boys; they work at hair-picking and map colorings, they post bills and tend stands. Two have given their occupation as "Sexton's assistant." Some of these trades are rather high-sounding for boys, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, and architecture; but it would seem that nearly every business pursued by adults admits of the employment of children in some of its more simple details.

Many thousands of children, some of them very small, are at work in the tobacco factories of New York City. More than one thousand are employed by a single firm, and there are hundreds of smaller establishments scattered through the city, sometimes consisting of merely the members of a single family. Permits to visit the larger factories are not easily obtained. In this craft, also, proprietors have methods of work which they jealously guard.

"I have expostulated," said the manager of one of the oldest tobacco establishments, as he gave us a permit to visit the factories under his charge, "against the employment of young children; but the overseers say that the children will go elsewhere and get work; that their parents are in want and need their labor, and so it seems impossible to avoid hiring them."

In one of their factories the youngest child employed is four years of age, the oldest person a woman of eighty. They work side by side.

"FOUND DROWNED."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY PHILA H. CASE.

Oh! beautiful, whispering sea,
He is false, he is false, I cry.
Oh, tell me if men there be
Who can love and be true 'till they die?
I worshipped him night and day—
I gave him my soul in trust.
Ah me! I was worshipping clay,
That now is a heap of dust.

Oh! silvery, sobbing sea,
It is all so lonely and drear;
If I give myself to thee,
Will *you* ever hold me dear?
Will my heart forget its pain
In a dream of blissful rest?
Will I slumber softly again,
Rocked on your sheltering breast?

Oh! pitying, passionate sea,
Have you kisses my lips to greet?
Ah! life is a mockery,
And love but a pitiful cheat.
The world is cruel and cold,
More cruel than death to me.
Now your misty, white arms uphold,
And I come, oh I come to thee!

Marriage Maxims.

The following marriage maxims are worthy of more than a hasty reading. Husbands need not pass them by, for they are designed for wives; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to husbands.

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both get angry at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.

Never make a remark at the expense of each other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.

Never let any fault you have committed go until you have frankly confessed it, and asked forgiveness.

Never forget the happy hours of early love.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should be.

Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.

AGRICULTURAL.

Salt for Swine.

While all other domestic animals are regularly supplied with salt, the hog is generally neglected. He requires, however, to be as constantly supplied as the ox, the horse, or the sheep, and suffers as much from privation as either of the above named animals do. His food is almost invariably given to him in a fresh, unseasoned state, and to this fact we may doubtless attribute many of the violent and fatal diseases to which he is subject, and which are proof against all remedies, however promptly and skilfully administered. If the food be not regularly seasoned, there should be a trough or box in every sty, in which salt may be deposited regularly for the use of the animals. Seasoning the food of the hog as mentioned above, let it be understood that salt only is here alluded to, for if any person should try seasoning with pepper, they will make a great mistake; for as much pepper as will suffice for a man's dinner will kill a hog.

Pruning.

By careful observation upon my own former practices and that of others, I am fully satisfied that no pruning at all were infinitely better than the present general practice. The practice of indiscriminate lopping off of limbs, large and small, is the cause of disease and a weakening of the constitution of the tree, which in numberless cases leads to premature death. I long since became suspicious of the practice and abandoned it altogether, as I found in nine cases out of every ten, where a branch of considerable size had been taken off it would leave a *rotten spot* in the tree. In a great many varieties of the apple-tree where any incision is made in the tree, there is a liability to decay and rot. The tree may and perhaps in most cases will heal over this, but a diseased spot is left in the tree and hence to that extent is left in an unhealthy state. And the more these spots are multiplied the more is the tree weakened and diseased. And it seems to me that healing over these rotten spots in a fruit-tree is much the same as healing over an old sore in a person or animal without first effectually removing the virus.—*Cor. Ger. Telegraph.*

Rhubarb.

Rhubarb plants ought to have a heavy dressing of manure every spring to be forked in, and two or three hoeings through the season to keep down all weeds. It is a great point to have the stalks tender, and to secure this they ought to be grown rapidly under stimulating manures or a warm rich soil. The ground before setting out ought to be ploughed thoroughly and subsoiled or trenched deeply, and if necessary drained. Turn under a plenty of well rotted manure, at the rate of at least sixty or seventy horse cart loads to the acre, for the greater the quantity of manure, the larger and finer will the rhubarb grow, and the larger and finer it is the more it will bring.

Hems.

—Buckwheat is poor food for hens.

—Sixty-two degrees is understood among all intelligent butter-makers as the charmed number for the coolness of a milk-house.

—The plantain spoils the appearance of grass-plots very much. Eradicate it.

—STICK TO THE FARM.—Every position in life has its discomforts. It matters not whether cultivating the soil, attending the sick, selling goods, or preaching a sermon. Some other position, and not our own, seems to be the favored one, and to possess less onerous duties. Confinement in heated, unventilated rooms, as must from present custom necessarily be the case with nearly all professional men and mechanics, is not conducive to either a long life or a tranquil one.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 4, 11, 40, 19, 21, 8, 29, is a county in Kansas.
My 1, 24, 9, 38, 21, 13, 10, 27, 16, 19, 36, 34, 44, is a Cincinnati journal.
My 26, 3, 6, 39, 42, was one of the apostles.
My 26, 21, 18, 7, 38, 20, 37, 42, 23, 16, 12, 5, 28 is a lake in Louisiana.
My 14, 33, 31, is a beautiful plant.
My 32, 25, 35, 41, is a time of prayer and fasting.
My 30, 2, 43, 23, 7, is a part of a carriage.
My 15, 17, 24, is an expression of contempt.
My whole is an important railroad.
Cincinnati, O. U. C.

Double Acrostic.

May happiness attend the pair,
Is England's wish and England's prayer.

1. Although in length 'tis scarce a foot,
The world herein is often put.
2. For noonday heat is shady bower made,
But for fresh evening air the open glade.
3. Title of Turkish officer of state;
Foreign affairs does he negotiate.
4. A newspaper, a playing card, a bee,
A much beloved and royal lady she.
5. What these acrostics still, I fear, will be,
Until a poet wields the pen for me.
6. Blow, blow, thou biting winter wind,
As this thou art not so unkind.
7. I'm fore and aft, I'm also back;
Missed sometimes in attempts to tack.
8. Twenty to one;
I'll lay it: Done!
9. The royal feast for Princess won,
By Campbell's noble son.
10. The vain and foolish here their sins atone,
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown.
11. A costly cabinet all inlaid o'er.
12. A learned expounder of the Jewish law.
13. The church bells are ringing, all Windsor is gay,
And the Princess is dress'd in her bridal array.
14. On the broad surface of pellucid lakes,
The sinking stone a widening circle makes.

CRACK.

Arithmetical Question.

Peter said to his brother Isaac: I will propose to you a certain number, which, if either 3, 5, 7 or 9 are used as divisors, the same will divide it without leaving any remainder; but when you add all their four different quotients together their sum will amount to 737 less than the proposed number itself. What is that proposed number?

JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is that which ties two persons, but only touches one? Ans.—A wedding-ring.

☞ AGRICULTURAL CONS.—Why is a crow the worst of thieves? Ans.—He's a rogue in grain.

☞ What makes the carrot so envious? Ans.—Because it can't be beet.

☞ Why was celery so named? Ans.—Because it grows in a cellary-y place.

☞ Why can't boys whistle in a rye field? Ans.—They can't raise an oat there.

☞ Why is the bleat of a lamb like a retail liquor dealer? Ans.—It's a ban tender.

☞ Why is the cabbage the most prosperous of vegetables? Ans.—It always gets a head in the world.

☞ Why are dentists like harrows? Ans.—They have full sets of teeth and worry the achers of others.

Answers to Last.

DRAMATIC ENIGMA.—"Tell them that the pursuits of avarice, conquest and ambition never yet made a people happy or a nation great." CHARADE.—Mississippi. (Miss-is-sip-pie.)

RECEIPTS.

MERINGUES.—Whisk to the firmest possible froth the whites of six new-laid eggs, taking every precaution to prevent the smallest particle of yolk from falling in amongst them. Lay some squares or long strips of writing paper on a board. When all is ready, mix with the eggs ½lb. of the finest sugar, well dried and sifted; stir them together for half a minute, then with a table-spoon lay the mixture quickly on the papers in the form of a half egg; sift sugar over them without delay, blow off all that does not adhere, and set the meringues in a gentle oven. The process must be expeditious, or the sugar melting will cause the meringues to spread, instead of retaining the shape of the spoon as they ought. When they are colored to a very light brown, and are firm to the touch, draw them out; turn the papers gently over, separating the meringues from them, and, with a teaspoon, scoop out sufficient of the insides to form a space for some whipped cream or preserves, and put them again into the oven upon clean sheets of paper, with the moist sides uppermost to dry. When they are crisp enough they are done. Let them become cold, then fill them, and join the halves together with a little white of egg.

LEMON PUDDING.—Grate finely 6oz. of bread, also the peel of 3 lemons, add 6oz. of sugar, 3oz. of clarified butter, the yolks of 3 eggs and the whites of 2, and a pint of cream. Mix them all well together, line a pudding dish with thin paste, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

ROCK BISCUIT.—Six eggs, one pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of flour, a few currants. Break the eggs into a basin, beat them well until very light, add the pounded sugar, and when this is well mixed with the eggs, dredge in the flour gradually, and add the currants. Mix all well together, and put the dough, with a fork, on the tins, making it look as rough as possible. Bake the cakes in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to a half an hour; when they are done, allow them to get cool, and store them away in a tin canister, in a dry place.